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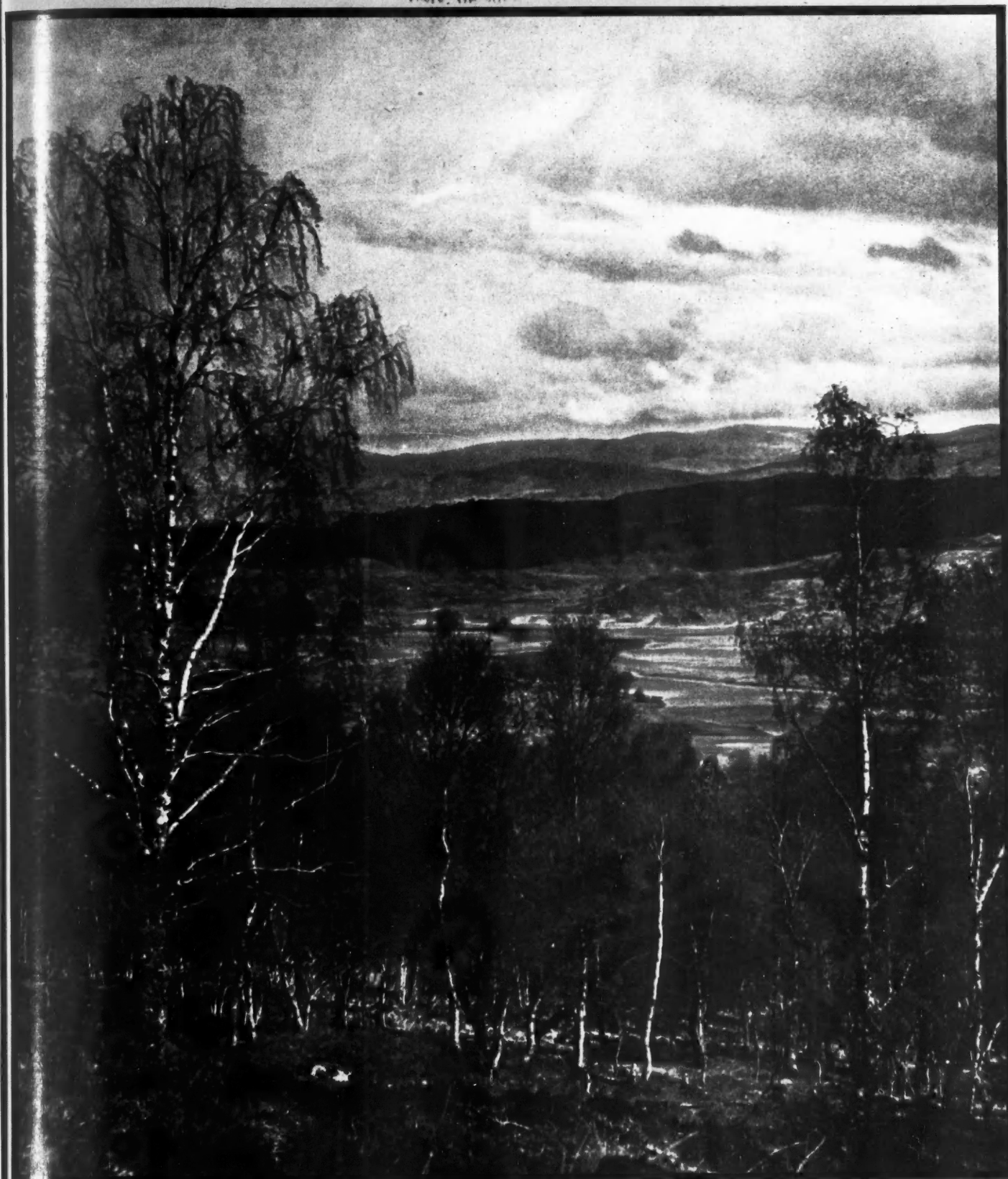
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2515

MARCH 30, 1945



20th-Century Studios

MISS HANNAH JOHNS

Miss Hannah Johns is the second daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Stanley Johns and of Mrs. Osborne Samuel, Eversholt, Bedfordshire, and step-daughter of the late Reverend Osborne Samuel. Her engagement to Captain W. Allan Custance Baker, Royal Signals, second son of Mr. Allan Custance Baker (late British Adviser, Kelantan, Malay States) and Mrs. Custance Baker (Barbara Baker), of Wye, Kent, has just been announced

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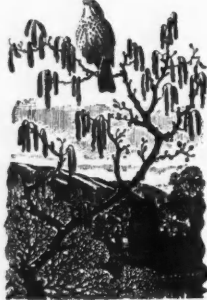
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BOMBING RANGES OR NATIONAL PARKS?

A REPORT just issued by the House of Commons Select Committee on National Expenditure shows that the area of land requisitioned by Government Departments now amounts to little short of a million acres. Something much more forcible than pious hopes on the part of the public and amicable conferences with the Minister of Town and Country Planning, will be required before the Service Departments can be induced to abandon their claims to retain the greater part of the commons and open spaces requisitioned by them since 1939. The sudden appearance of the Requisitioned Land Bill sounded the alarm for those who have had experience of bureaucratic acquisitiveness and bureaucratic powers of resistance, but it is the constant stream of news regarding purchases and preparations coming from the more remote and beautiful parts of the country that marks this as an issue of the first magnitude so far as the welfare of the community is concerned.

The large areas of common land which intelligent planners have been waiting for many years to see used as a basis for a system of National Parks fill the bill to perfection. They are generally remote, almost invariably beautiful and being of little agricultural value have escaped the attentions of the old-time enclosers. Perhaps we should blame these historical factors and not an apparently perverse delight in despoiling the public whenever we hear that this or that Department has decided to hold on to another famous beauty spot or to close another recreational area which is wanted to make the backbone of a National Park. As it is, Bodmin Moor, with its unmatched upland scenery and scheduled archaeological sites, is only the latest of a long series of vandalistic proposals, sponsored by the "Lands Division" of some Service Department. It would be instructive to obtain some reliable figures with regard to the mushroom expansion of these Government land agencies during the war. Those who know the Civil Service know that unless drastic action is taken they will shrink with corresponding slowness, and that so long as excuses can be found for preserving the *status quo* it will be retained. The Departments have their excuses to hand. They have already impressed the Select Committee with "the difficulty confronting them in reaching decisions on their post-war requirements in the absence of any direction by the Government on the strength and organisation of the defence forces required after the war," and that is a difficulty which can probably be indefinitely prolonged. We cannot, however, see the people of this country submitting tamely to the successive loss of the finest parts of Pembrokeshire, of the Hampshire coast, of the Isle of Purbeck, of the Devon and Cornish moors, and of much that

is beautiful and accessible in the Lake District. They are much more likely to take the view of the gentleman who asks why the moorlands of North Germany should not be used for bombing practice.

Most of these open spaces were requisitioned under the Defence Act of 1842, and it is important to remember that that Act was passed for essential defence purposes only. All that is necessary to put it into effect is the consent of the Lord Lieutenant of the county concerned and the signatures of two magistrates. That is all very well in times of emergency. It is certainly not the kind of legal machinery the country will submit to in times of peace; it is difficult to escape the conclusion that our Service Departments, to put it plainly, are using the war as an excuse for depriving the public of rights which at any other time they would not dare to challenge. It is to be hoped that Parliament will quickly and firmly put them in their place, and at the same time remove the temptations of that obsolete and dangerous Act of 1842.

PASCAL MOON

WITH garden windows open to the Spring.
I lay last night and saw a lovely thing:
The Pascal Moon, gold as the sun on high,
Rode fair and ageless through a silver sky;
As on this very night so long ago
She shone on old Jerusalem to show
That other garden and its olive trees
And all its unregarded agonies:
Lighting three devilet crosses on a hill
Outside the City when the crowd was still;
Did her bright silver touch the guarded Tomb
Which held so strange a mystery in its gloom?
Or, at the awful Dawn of Easter Day,
Light Him Who greeted Mary on her way?

ETHEL ASHTON EDWARDS.

RAMBLERS AND GAME

ANOTHER aspect of public rights is raised by the Ramblers' Association's claim that grouse shooting and deer stalking "should take second place to the health and recreation of the majority" on uncultivated moorland. Access to mountains has been a thorny subject ever since 1888, when Mr., afterwards Lord, Bryce introduced the first Bill with this title, which reached the Statute Book in 1940, but subject to such limiting amendments that its original supporters finally opposed it. The 1940 Act does not in fact give access to mountains but enables application to be made to the Minister of Agriculture for leave of access to specified areas at specified seasons, making the applicant responsible for seeing that these limitations are observed and rendering their non-observance an act of trespass. The need for giving first place to public recreation where a conflict of interests arises would be more generally agreed if the Ramblers' Association was less categorical in asserting that the public has a primordial right to wander at will over all uncultivated moorland and forest—a point of common law by no means certain. During the past century the preservation of game has itself come to be a form of cultivation, making much previously valueless land relatively productive both of income and food. The difficulty is that, with such a sensitive "crop" as grouse or deer, the mere presence of human beings within a wide circumference, unless moving with intimate knowledge of the ground, may eventually lead to its failure altogether, either by causing game to move elsewhere, discouraging breeding, or interfering (unwittingly) with its harvesting, in a drive or stalk. Ramblers tend not to admit this, but unless their right of access is accompanied by some acknowledgment of the rights of the species (that preceded both ramblers and land-owners) to freedom from disturbance, they will gradually die out. Which would be a pity.

WOMEN ON THE FARM

THOUGH the vexed question of awarding gratuities to the Women's Land Army does not depend upon it, the suggestion that after the war every facility for agricultural training shall be given to the women who have served so well during the production campaign stands or falls with the capacity of women for effective work on the farm in peace-time.

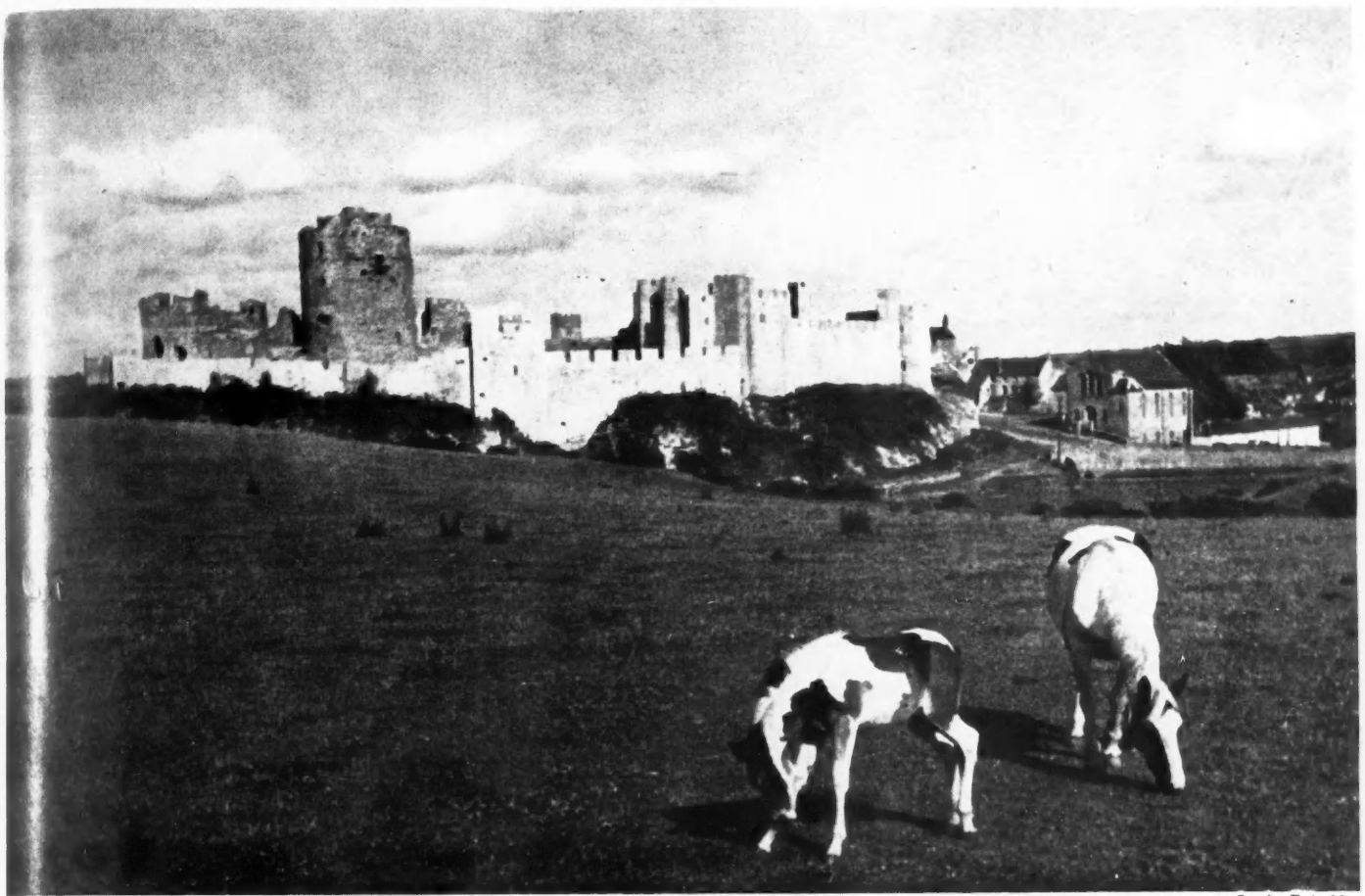
He would be a bold man who ventured to be as outspoken on the subject as is Frances Donaldson in the current issue of *Agriculture*. Needless to say she does not seek to belittle the part which the W.L.A. has played, or to deny that there are exceptional women who can do a man's work as well as a man. But she does say quite candidly that women, on the whole, lack the one absolutely essential quality for every skilled job on the farm—strength. And when she comes to ask, and answer, the question "Will women want to work on the land?" she boldly returns the answer "No." There is clearly room for disagreement here, and one cannot forget that long before the war women had proved themselves successful and efficient both in the dairy and in horticulture. Indeed, the same issue of *Agriculture* contains a very interesting interview with a successful Cornish woman horticulturist who describes the opportunities of happiness and success for women in horticulture.

"TRADITUM EST"

HE'D steal the cross off a donkey's back! The denunciation recalls the quaint fancy that the donkey acquired his warty stripes (which, with the black line down the back, form a cross) on the first Palm Sunday. Will old superstitions of this kind retain their traditional currency in the countryside in an age of radio and better education? Enlightenment is to be welcomed but some of the fables merit record before they are lost. How "local" is the notion (sometimes credited to the Cotswolds) that the death watch beetle was once a beautiful butterfly but suffered metamorphosis for mocking the Saviour by fluttering in his face on Good Friday? Still, it is said, the beetle seeks by haunting churches to recover its lost grace. In the same class is the belief that the plaintive lapwings are possessed by the souls of those Jews who gloated over the Crucifixion. Storks and swallows, however, have been claimed as birds of good omen because they were sorrowful watchers. The red breast of the robin (which to this day enjoys a peculiar immunity from human interference) and the crossed mandibles of the crossbill were both held of old to have been acquired while their owners were trying to remove the nails from the Cross. Mistletoe has been parasitic ever since its damnation for having, when a healthy tree, provided the wood for the Cross: but, according to another superstition, the trembling of the aspen's leaves is caused by the perpetual horror that it performed that guilty service. Even now the Breton peasants refuse to eat blackberries—because they believe that the crown of thorns was plaited from brambles.

A DIGEST OF DORSET

AS part of that process of self determination by every community of its planned future, noticed here last week regarding Guildford, Mr. Geoffrey Clark has sketched Dorset's place in the national picture, for that county's Planning and Education Committee. His ten pages similarly state the fact that planning is not a game for experts only, but for every inhabitant, including the schools. Dorset's case to be regarded as neither an urban nor recreational, but a primarily agricultural society is applicable to many other counties, though to none perhaps so distinctively. The importance to the nation as a whole of the agricultural countryside's way of life lies in the continuity and equilibrium with which it redresses the less stable urban mentality, dyspeptic with novelties. But for Dorset to resolve to remain a predominantly agricultural society would not exclude urban or recreational influences, already firmly established, nor the need for planned development. But that development would be directed to further its chosen destiny, not, as development usually means, industrialism and suburbanity. It would aim at making Dorset 100 per cent. efficient as an agricultural society, with suitable industries strengthening local economy, and the inspiring landscapes as the background. In fact the programme for an agricultural county is just as urgent and constructive as that for a conurbation, but diametrically opposite—as it should be.



J. A. Brimble

THE PIEBALD FOAL: PEMBROKE CASTLE, SOUTH WALES

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

B

Major C. S. JARVIS

A REMARK in a recent Note of a salmon sinking to the bottom after being shot by a shot-gun has brought a letter from a correspondent who states that freshly-killed fish do not sink, but float. As the writer is an angler of considerable experience I cannot think how it is he has spent so much of his life on bank and boat without discovering that both salmon and trout when dead usually travel to the bottom very quickly and in a most disconcerting manner, though I am not disputing that after some days, when putrefaction sets in, they come to the surface again. I suppose there is nothing to equal the celerity and dexterity with which the beautiful 2-lb. trout, when being washed in the river to display his lovely figure and colouring, will slip through the hands and, with nicely-timed glides, swerves and swoops, will evade the grasping fingers and go to the bottom, from which one may, or may not, be able to raise him with the landing-net.

* * *

I HAVE obtained many demonstrations of this lamentable fact during my fishing life, and I suppose what has really fixed the matter in my mind indelibly is a terrible tragedy which occurred on Lough Melvin some years ago. We were rowing back to the Garrison end after a long and quite exceptional day spent drifting down the Leitrim shore when the wind, water and weather had been just right from the cast of the first fly, so that along the burden boards of the boat lay some thirty trout of that degree of excellence which only those from Lough Melvin attain. Two-thirds of the catch were the black, brown and silver sonaghan of the deep water, all about the one pound mark "wid out an ounce between them," and the other third the rather flamboyant crimson and gold gillaroo of the shallows, one or two of which would have turned the scale at 2½ lb. It was a basket of trout such as occurs but rarely in the lifetime of any fisherman and, judging from

results of recent years, I am beginning to wonder if such catches will ever happen again.

Some great brain—either that of the other rod or my own—evolved the idea that the fish would look brighter and fresher if washed, and so the whole catch was placed in the boat's big landing-net and put over the side into the water. There came a heartrending scream, "The net's broken—full speed astern; back water; hold her up!" But the boat was moving rapidly, and by the time she had been brought round and back to the site of the disaster, all that could be seen of that wonderful basket of trout was some thirty streaks of silver spiralling gracefully five fathoms deep in the peaty water, with another five fathoms to go.

It was one of those fishing tragedies about which one may say without exaggeration that "life was never the same again."

* * *

SINCE writing the above I have cross-examined several brother anglers on the question as to whether dead salmon and trout sink or float if returned to the water, and none of them would seem to be very certain on the point. One quoted a case of a very poisonous effluent being allowed to flow into his stream from a factory and recounted how he had seen scores of his trout, which had only just died, floating down with the current, and not one of them so far as he could see sank to the bottom. He also told another story of a fine Itchen trout, which fell into the water after being knocked on the head, and which floated obligingly until retrieved with the landing-net.

I do not propose to recant everything that I have written, as the loss of that Melvin bag

lives vividly in my memory when other episodes concerning fish are blurred and unreliable. I think possibly the explanation is that the floating or sinking of dead trout depends on whether its air bladders have been squeezed and damaged so as to force the air out of them, or not. In nine cases out of ten, when the hook has been driven well home as it is almost invariably with the very lively and forthcoming Lough Melvin trout, one takes a firm grip of the body to detach the hook, and in these cases the fish will sink. On those other occasions—and how often they occur—when one finds the fly has come away immediately the trout is lifted up in the landing-net the bladders contain their full quota of air, and these fish will float if returned to the water; and the same of course applies to trout which have been poisoned.

* * *

SINCE the early days of the inauguration of poultry funds in the fox-hunting world Hunt secretaries have been in the habit of complaining that the fox never by any chance takes an old or middle-aged hen, as the birds for which a claim is made are invariably pure-bred laying pullets—in other words the highest-priced stock to be found on the poultry farm. The imputation is obvious, but I think in many cases is unjust, as no one ever accuses the fox of lack of judgment, and he or she is quite clever enough to show discrimination, and pick out the most edible of the birds. On two separate occasions I have had a flock of a dozen or so five-month-old birds attacked by a fox at night, and in one raid the full complement of seven pullets were all killed and six cockerels left untouched, while in the second five pullets were slain and six cockerels spared. I may mention that in those days a cockerel, particularly a Leghorn, had a very low market value, though I am not certain if even a fox can be credited with a knowledge of ruling prices. The point is that a pullet is a far more tender and flavoured bird than a cockerel of the same age,

but as the pullet is ordained for higher things than the dinner-table it is seldom one has the opportunity of reminding oneself of the fact.

* * *

IT is not my intention to re-open the age-old dispute as to whether the Hunt poultry fund is abused or not, but to point out that, if a bereaved poultryman wishes to be dishonest and exploit his disaster, he can make more money by proving that the raid was carried out, not by a fox, but by two dogs belonging to different owners. According to a judgment given in a case recently in a Midland court if the plaintiff succeeds in proving that both dogs took part in the killing each defendant dog-owner is liable, not for half the damage as one would expect, but for all of it—in other words the poultryman is compensated for double the number of birds that he has lost!

This may be the law, but it does not make sense, and the only way in which a dog-owner can get square is by allowing his dog to kill all the poultryman's tame rabbits, if by any chance he should keep them. This, as has been proved by another recent decision in an Appeal

Court, is quite in order as the Dogs Act of 1906 makes the dog-owner liable for the killing or injuring of domestic animals, a term which embraces poultry, but tame rabbits are not included under the definition "cattle." So here the dog is held to be following his common instinct, and all is well for the dog and his owner.

* * *

WHILE on the topic of the law being a "hass" I might mention the impending fate of our village, or to be more exact town, common. This, like so many village greens, is in the heart of the town and bounded on three sides by houses, while on the fourth there is an arm of the river. For generations it has been regarded as one of the town's open spaces: animals graze on it, children play on it, visiting circuses pitch their tents on it, and until recently the Home Guard paraded on it. The lord of the manor cannot fence it, or prevent the public from using it in any way, but it transpires, according to the laws governing common land, that he can extract gravel from it, and this he proposes to do. In other words, though the law prevents him from interfering with any of the

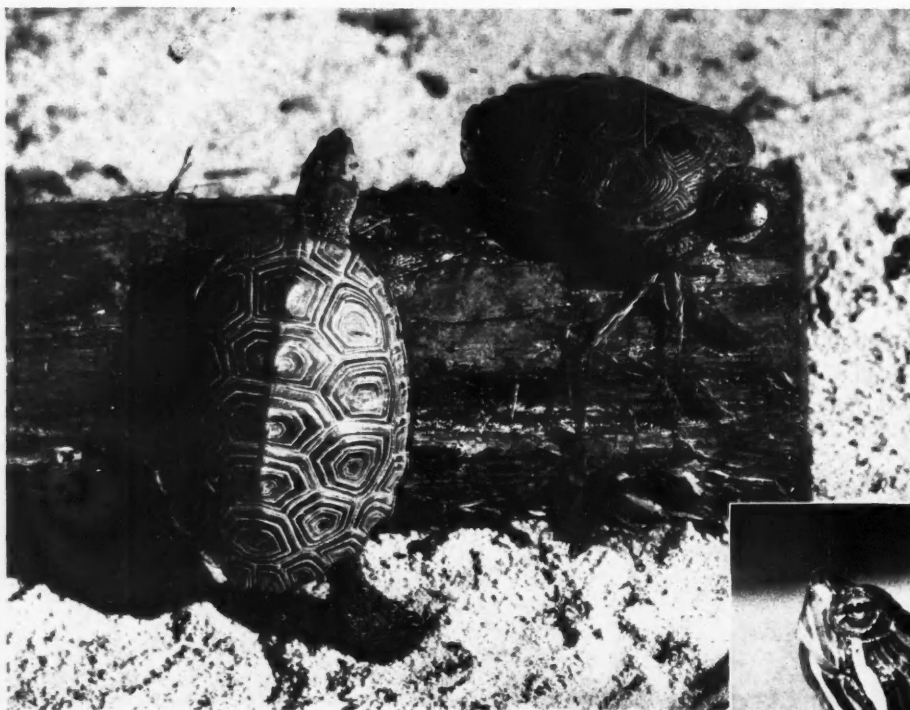
rights and free access to the common which the public possess, he is legally entitled to obliterate it for all time as, owing to the whole area being little more than six feet above the river level, there will be a deep lake instead of a village green when the gravel extraction is completed. I have an idea that possibly our very inefficient laws regarding common land may require that the area be levelled and the turf replaced, after minerals have been extracted, but, as this is not the "Sudd" region of the Upper Nile, it is unlikely that sods of turf will flourish on the surface of a pond six feet deep.

As, however, our town is now surrounded on three sides by a chain of similar lagoons, owing to universal and indiscriminate gravel extraction, this will not matter so much as it might in other areas. It only remains now for some landowner to discover that he may dig gravel from the main street for our town to call itself the Hampshire Venice, for the tax-owners to sell their cars and buy gondolas, and for the inhabitants to learn to play the mandolin and guitar. What a pity it is that our Ministry of Town and Country Planning has only the powers to plan.

THE TURTLE IN A HOSTILE WORLD

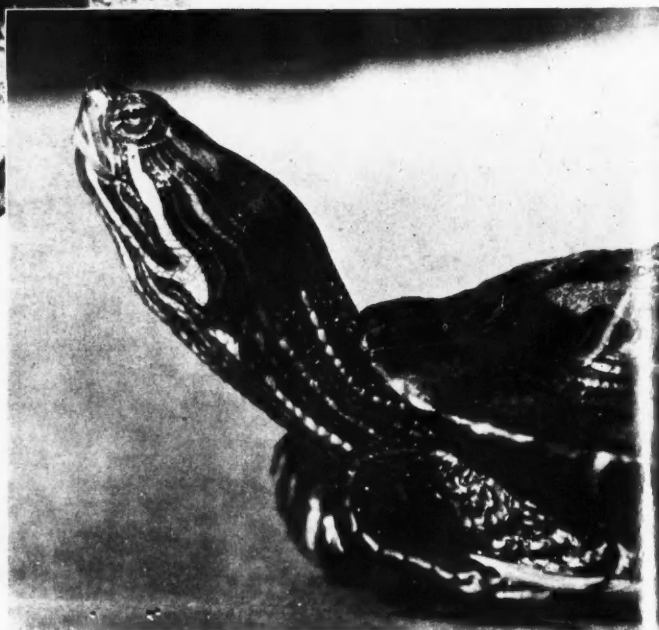
By

FRANK W. LANE



(Left) NORTHERN DIAMOND-BACK TERRAPIN

(Below) YOUNG TROOST'S TURTLE



THERE are not fewer than 225 species of turtles and they are found in all countries and in their surrounding seas, except in those areas where Winters are severe. They vary greatly in size.

Some of the smaller turtles when full-grown will scarcely cover your hand, whereas the marine leatherback turtle may have a shell eight feet long and weigh three quarters of a ton. Even the leatherback, however, must take second place to a prehistoric turtle which, according to fossil remains, reached a length of 12 ft. and probably weighed over a ton.

The names turtle, terrapin and tortoise are used for different members of the order chelonian, but herpetologists are not agreed on how these names should be applied. Throughout this article I have therefore used the one word turtle to describe whatever chelonian I am writing about.

Turtles are hatched from eggs, but they have several differences from those of birds. Most of them are elliptical and the shells are like parchment and can be dented permanently like old rubber balls. But the common snapping turtle lays an egg which is remarkably like a

table-tennis ball, even to its ability to bounce when dropped on a hard surface!

The mortality rate among turtles, especially when young, is very high, but a compensating factor is the large number of eggs laid by a female. This applies chiefly to the sea turtles. Numbers vary greatly with the different species, but frequently three or four clutches of 20 or more eggs may be laid in a season. The green turtle has been proved to lay seven clutches at intervals of about two weeks with an average of about a hundred to a clutch. One turtle laid 176 eggs in one clutch.

The actual laying of the eggs, although it occupies only an hour or so, is the most critical time in the female turtle's life. The sea turtle

on a beach or foreshore; the desert turtle in a sandy waste; the river species on a bank; each digs out a nest, deposits the eggs, carefully smoothes away traces of her toil and then, her duty to posterity done, leaves her eggs for ever. So intent is the female on this task that even blows seldom divert her from her purpose. The heat of the sun hatches the eggs.

(Right) YOUNG COMMON MUD TURTLE
—VERY AGGRESSIVE FOR ITS SIZE



(Below) A 50-LB. ALLIGATOR SNAPPING
TURTLE WHICH CAN CARRY A MAN



Although young turtles are equipped with an egg-tooth similar to a baby bird, this does not appear to play so large a part in releasing them as does the rupturing of the shell due to the rapid absorption of the water. Great as is the mortality of the young it would be still greater were it not for their remarkable ability to hide, and their no less remarkable independence of food, which prevents the necessity of their foraging far afield. Young turtles can live for months on the food absorbed by their digestive tracts while they were still in their eggs.

Once over the hazardous stage of infancy a turtle is in the running for a century or even a double century. Specimens of the common box turtle, whose shell rarely exceeds six inches, have still been alive after more than forty years in captivity, and there is reasonable evidence that some of them reach the century.

According to Clifford H. Pope, to whose fine book *Turtles of the U.S. and Canada* (1939) I am indebted for some of the information in this article, the turtle positively known to have lived the longest survived at least one hundred and fifty-two years on Mauritius where it was accidentally killed in 1918. Other authorities consider there is good evidence that an Aldabra turtle lived two hundred and fifty years and possibly longer. This turtle was mentioned in a document drawn up in 1810 as then being one hundred and fifty years old and it lived well into this century. It should be pointed out that size is not necessarily a true index of age. A large turtle in captivity was observed to increase its weight from 29 to 350 pounds in seven years!

Turtles are very tenacious of life. Raymond L. Ditmars tells of finding a turtle, apparently in the best of health, whose healed shell showed signs of having once been cut nearly in two. A Blanding's turtle, which is little larger than a man's hand, was once found with its shell showing signs of having been crushed by a horse. The carapace was smashed down an inch or more, yet was otherwise perfectly healed, and its owner appeared quite normal.

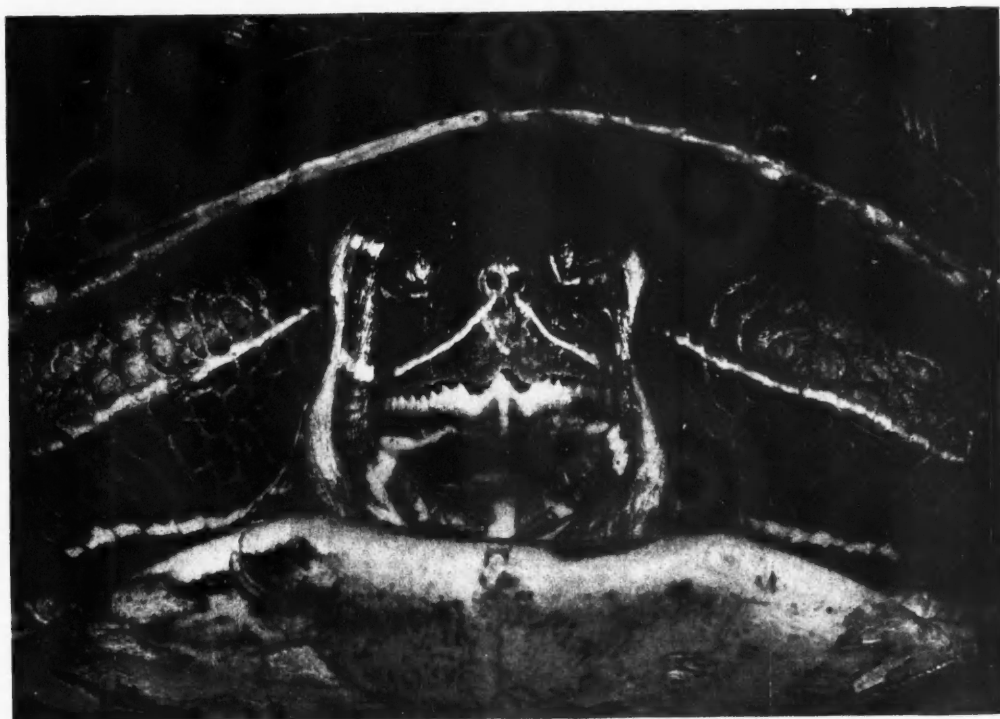
Professor Roy L. Abbott says one of his pet snapping turtles, weighing about twenty pounds, endured the assaults of an eight-foot alligator which vigorously but vainly tried to crush it. But I do not think the largest and most powerful alligators would have much difficulty in overcoming such a small turtle, for the strong jaws of some alligators are said to crush the shells of even large turtles easily.

Turtles have been frozen solid for twenty-four hours and yet have survived. They have been put in lethal chambers and gassed for an hour and emerged none the worse. Some species have been forcibly submerged in water for two and a half hours and when released have appeared to be quite normal.

Pope says: "There is no danger of starvation for an animal able to survive months without food even when normally active; lack of movement and the greatly slowed-up bodily processes during hibernation ensure survival on the available supply of fat. Nor does fear of suffocation disturb the sleeper's dreams, because the small amount of oxygen required to keep the low fires burning is readily secured even in submerged mud or under water itself. It must be remembered that cold water holds more oxygen in solution than warm. Estivation, a state of suspended animation somewhat similar to hibernation, tides turtles and other animals over periods of dry heat."

A turtle's main defence against a world which, on the whole, is very hostile is, of course, its shell. Safely ensconced in this strong-point it is safe from all but its strongest enemies. Incidentally, not all turtles have the traditional hard shell. There are several comparatively soft-shelled species. One of these found in Africa has a novel form of defence. The top of its shell is pliable and leathery. When disturbed the turtle takes refuge among shelving rocks, takes a deep breath, thus expanding the shell, and jams itself safely in its rock-bound hide-out.

Although most turtles are well protected by their shelly covering the motto of some of them appears to be "The best defence is a



THE SERRATED LOWER JAW AND NOTCHES OF THE FLORIDA RED-BELLIED
TURTLE

strong attack." For such proverbially sluggish creatures the viciousness of some species is remarkable. The snapping turtle is well-named; when aroused it will deliberately charge to the attack and should its powerful jaws clamp down on any part of its foe's anatomy it will hang on with the tenacity of a bull-dog. This turtle's angry lunges with its head sometimes are so energetic that, if it misses its object, its whole body is lifted from the ground.

This action is not so unusual as it may sound, for there is another turtle, the ornate box turtle, which feeds on grasshoppers and has actually been seen to stretch its neck, jump and catch one in flight!

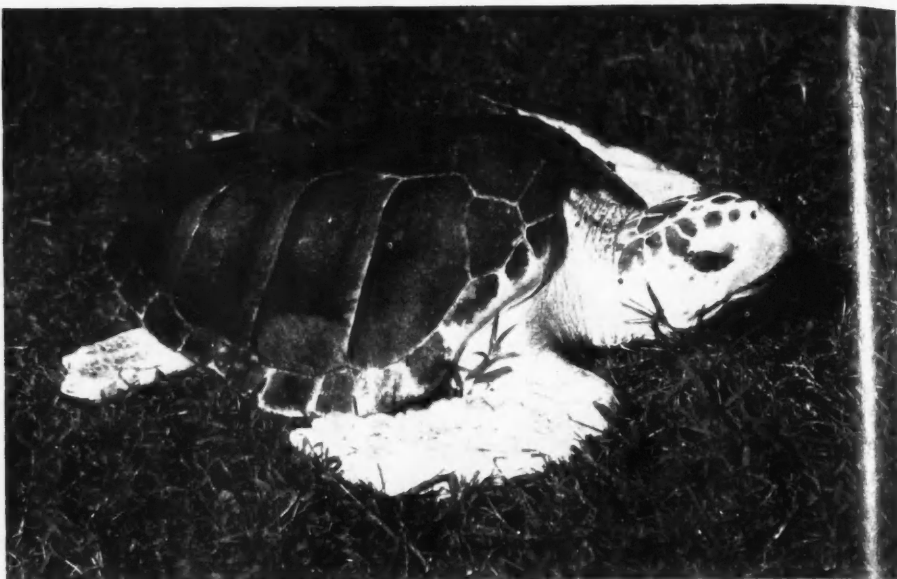
A word must be said here about the speed of turtles. Before the war a "National Terrapin Derby" was held in the United States each year. Turtles were placed in the centre of a circle with a radius of 75 ft. The first turtle to cross the circumference was the winner. This form of racing was necessary because turtles could not be guaranteed to travel in the required direction. The average speed of the winner in these race meetings was about a foot per second or two-thirds of a mile an hour.

While such a speed may be representative of a large number of turtles it is by no means an indication of the speed of the fastest species. The spineless soft-shelled turtle can cover the ground so fast that some writers have averred that it can outrun a man. While this may well be an exaggeration, it gives some idea of this turtle's surprising agility.

In water this soft-shelled turtle is also very fast. Alvin R. Cahn says he has seen one of these turtles in a large tank pursue and catch a brook trout by sheer superior agility! Neither turtle nor trout would be able to reach maximum speed in a tank—unless it was of exceptional length and it should not, of course, be assumed that in open water the turtle could overtake a fish whose maximum speed is in the region of twenty miles an hour. The fastest turtles are almost certainly found among the marine species, which are much more adapted for swimming than any fresh-water species.

A turtle has no true teeth, but a number of species have sharp serrations and projections of the horny edges of the jaws and sometimes of the ridges inside the mouth. With these false teeth even a medium-sized turtle can sever a broomstick as easily as a donkey chops a carrot. The map turtle, which weighs only three or four pounds, lives on molluscs, which means that it must be capable of easily crushing their tough shells.

An 18-in.-long snapping turtle in the London Zoo once attacked its keeper and,



FEMALE ATLANTIC LOGGERHEAD TURTLE

grabbing the sole of his boot, tore it clean away from the upper. The alligator snapping turtle, which may weigh a hundred pounds, can bite lumps out of one-inch boards, or walk about without any appreciable effort with a man weighing considerably more than itself on its back.

In controlled experiments turtles have exhibited surprising intelligence. In a famous series of experiments D. B. Casteel used tame turtles. They were faced with two boxes. If they entered one they received a mild electric shock and if the other they were rewarded with food. The boxes were variously decorated and Casteel ensured, by frequently shifting the boxes, that it was only by learning and remembering what the markings on the boxes meant that the turtles made their choices.

By these experiments it was found that the turtles learned to discriminate between black vertical lines eight and two mm. wide. One exceptional turtle learned to distinguish between a box painted with black lines three mm. wide and another with lines only two mm. wide. When the tests were repeated after an interval of six weeks one turtle remembered perfectly and another, after an interval of twelve weeks, showed only a little falling off in accuracy.

The common box turtle also appears to

have a good memory. John T. Nichols says that he frequently dug for worms or shook caterpillars from a tree growing in his turtles' enclosure. He found that they soon learned to associate either action with food and approached for the anticipated feast. Another man said his wood turtle learnt to beg for food by waving a leg or walking round in a circle.

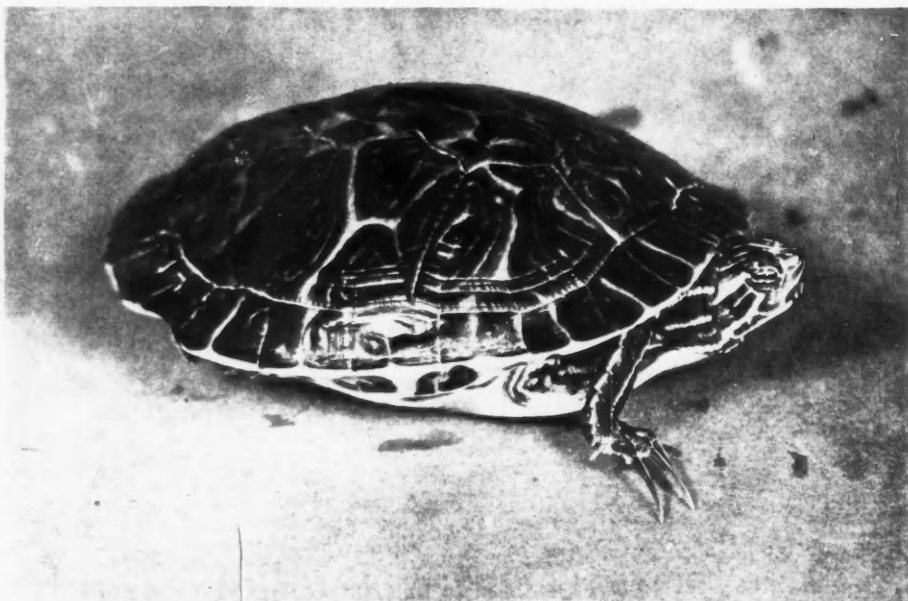
Turtles have given rise to one of the most unusual methods of angling practised anywhere in the world: fishing by means of captive remoras or sucking-fish. In particular the natives living on the shores of the Torres Strait, between Australia and New Guinea fish for turtles in this way.

The remora has one of its dorsal fins modified to form a lamellated disc on the top of its head. With this sucker it attaches itself to sharks and other fish and travels with them, picking up scraps of food left over by its host. The natives capture a remora and make a hole at the base of the tail-fin. A long cord is then inserted through the hole and tied.

The natives then put to sea and when a turtle is sighted the remora, with cord attached, is thrown overboard. What follows has been well described by John Jardine, who spent several years among the natives of this area. He says:

The sucking-fish was put into the water. At first it swam lazily about, apparently recovering the strength which it had lost by removal from its native element; but presently it swam slowly in the direction of the turtle, till out of sight: in a very short time the line was rapidly carried out, there was a jerk, and the turtle was fast. The line was hauled gently for two or three minutes, the steersman causing the canoe to follow the course of the turtle with great dexterity. It was soon exhausted and hauled up to the canoe. It was a small turtle, weighing a little under 40lb., but the sucking-fish adhered so tenaciously to it, as to raise it from the ground, when held up by the tail, and this some time after being taken out of the water. . . . I have seen turtles weighing more than 100lb., which have been taken in the manner described.

Dr. E. W. Gudger, who wrote at length on this use of the remora in *The American Naturalist* for September-October, and November-December, 1919, considers from experiments which have been made that a fairly large remora, say 30 ins. long, is capable of exerting an adhesive force of between fifty and a hundred pounds. As two hundred and fifty pound fish have been caught on lines with breaking strains under 50lb. it can readily be understood how two hundred and three hundred pound turtles can be captured when once a remora has got a firm grip.



MALE FLORIDA TURTLE, WHOSE CLAWS ARE SOME THREE TIMES THE LENGTH OF THE FEMALE'S

(The photographs illustrating this article are by Mark Mooney, Jr., Zoological Society of Philadelphia.)

THE FUTURE OF TOPIARY

By GEOFFREY CLAYTON

OUR trees rise in cones, globes and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors on every plant and bush." Thus the *Spectator*, ever a lively critic of contemporary activities, in the early years of the eighteenth century. And, indeed, there was considerable reason for it; from a graceful fashion topiary had, in the reign of William and Mary, assumed the pitch of a grotesque craze. The effect in some quarters was pantomimic—regular collections of vegetable sculpture, reducing the whole art to an absurdity. "Adam and Eve in Yew," scoffed the *Guardian* of the same period, quoting from a sale catalogue, "St. George in Box; a green dragon and a pair of giants."

Nearly a century earlier Bacon himself had criticised the craze that was even then sweeping England. "I for my part do not like images cut out of juniper or other garden stuff: they be for children," he wrote in his famous essay on gardens.

What of the future? The years immediately preceding the war saw a marked return to popularity of topiary in this country. There was a growing appreciation of the charm, in more tempered form, of the trimming of shrubs and hedges, as the increasing exhibits at London shows gave evidence. There is nothing to suggest that this pre-war interest will not be revived when hostilities cease. Even in 1939 the demand for shrubs greatly exceeded the home supply and many thousands of specimens were imported from the Continent. Here there must be some difficulty for some time, as the majority came from Holland.

It is not only the question of charm, but also that of its harmonisation with present-day surroundings which is likely to ensure the continued popularity of topiary. Its formal lines and geometrical designs are in keeping with the severe note running through much of modern architecture. For small suburban "front" gardens, so many of them paved over, limited examples of topiary are ideal. Such artificial

constructions as roof-gardens lend themselves admirably to the art. Again, an advantage appealing to many in these days of labour shortage and limited leisure is that, when once installed, the specimens call for minimum effort in upkeep. Twice-a-year trimming is all that is necessary and the trees are extremely hardy and immune from disease.

Some argue that topiary treatment is against Nature; if this is so, then surely a clipped lawn, a formal bed—indeed, any restriction of natural growth must lie open to the same accusation.

Many of the complaints are doubtless levelled against those who invariably exaggerate anything they tackle and overload their gardens out of all proportion to the size of them. At Nottingham there is a remarkable example of topiary in the shape of a life-sized horse, clipped from hawthorn bushes; but it is unlikely that the average garden of to-day would be able to support a specimen of this size. It must be remembered that topiary work stands out very prominently; thus considerable care is needed in the placing of specimens, and it is not a bad idea to make the first experiments with trees in tubs. Again, nothing looks worse than badly clipped or ill-shaped examples; on the other hand, yew archways, well-chosen shrubs in formal gardens and about pools can be highly attractive.

The accepted materials for topiary work are box, holly, privet, hornbeam and, of course, the favourite yew, which has been described as the most beautiful natural evergreen of the western world. Irrespective of their age, box and yew transplant excellently and, being very hardy, stand up to the extremes of British weather.

The diffident amateur usually prefers to buy his specimens ready-clipped, and in normal times he will find a wide choice of designs awaiting him—not only birds and such animals as squirrels, foxes and hounds, but he may indulge his fancy in spirals, balls, cones, pyramids and many other shapes.

Some of the old specimens were most elaborate, one example showing, on a heavy square "stage" of box, a man, completely hatted and costumed, prodding, with a long pole, a dancing bear, while behind him gambolled a dog. To-day, simple designs are more in keeping with modern ideas. Good specimens, of course, are not inexpensive, for they take many years to grow; a shaped box of some 3 feet in height is probably 20 years old.

Those of more adventurous temperament find the growing of their own specimens rather fascinating and not so difficult as some might suppose.

The small trees suitable for topiary are obtainable from those specialists who also stock the wire frames, superseding the older wooden "formers," upon which the growing foliage is trained. Let your man know the design you have in mind and he will choose the suitable tree; the ultimate pattern is usually decided in the first place by the natural shape of the growing shrub.

The method is simple enough. The frame is placed in position when the bush has made good growth and the new shoots are accurately trained along the wires, which the compact foliage will quickly conceal. The possessor of a hedge of yew or box can add to its beauty by placing a frame upon the top. A few years may elapse before this is completely covered, but the final result will be exceedingly effective.

While holly is best clipped in June, mid-August to half way through September is the time for shrubs. Care must be taken with box, which is prone to damage by frost; and frost on designs with large horizontal surfaces may cause temporary setbacks. So it is well that specimens grown in tubs should be frequently turned to encourage density of growth.

Watching the gradual shaping of specimens is fascinating; and there is every prospect that the future will see no lessening of interest in this charming art.

THE FAMOUS OLD TOPIARY GARDEN AT LEVENS HALL, WESTMORLAND

Most of the forms
into which yew or
box can be cut are
to be found here,
though there are few
animal shapes.





ONE OF A SET OF MARGATE
VIGNETTES (Length 1 inch)

SINCE Major A. G. Wade unearthed from a family scrap-book some examples of pictorial note-paper, published in Correspondence, August 18, 1944, many readers have kindly sent us further specimens. Some of these have been illustrated in Correspondence from time to time, but our temporary collection has by now assumed such a range that it is time to reproduce a representative selection and to draw some general conclusions on the origin, duration, and purpose of the vogue.

It was evidently a fashionable innovation following upon the institution of the Penny Post in 1840. Significantly the earliest example submitted to us is dated 1841, and is hotly topical in subject, namely the burning of the Great Store House at the Tower of London on October 31 of that year. It is described as engraved and published by Crosland and Co., Fenchurch Street. Other early examples are Lincoln and Grasmere (published by Harwood, London), respectively 1841 and 1845.

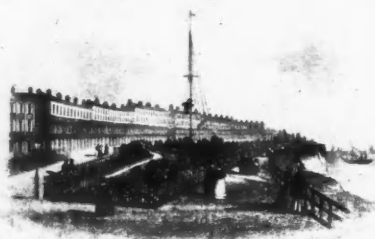
It is clear that the idea was the forerunner of the picture post-card. This accounts for the predominance among the subjects of watering places, holiday resorts, and beauty spots. In one case the writer of a letter on August 31, 1860, leaves us in no doubt of the fact by marking the picture, in an original way, to indicate the exact place of her sojourn:

The print at the top of my letter is a representation of Wellington Crescent where we lodged at Ramsgate. I have marked the house where we lodged with a x.

The latest example received is a technically inferior representation, in colour, of the Mansion House, London, with the beginning of a letter in French dated *Mercredi 6 Septembre 1874*.

By then non-pictorial post-cards were beginning to come into use, initiated by the Austrian Government in 1869. For many years official post-cards only were permitted, private cards at the ½d. rate not being admitted in Britain till 1894. This was the origin of picture post-cards, which, during the next decade, enjoyed an immense vogue. In 1899 the *Daily News* stated that "every method has been placed in the service of the picture post-card industry and much has been produced which in its artistic execution may lay claim to lasting value." In 1900 an exhibition of picture post-cards was held in Paris containing 150,000 examples.

An interval would seem, therefore, to have elapsed between the decline in the note-paper vogue and its final eclipse by the picture post-card in the 'nineties. This may be accounted for by its having become *démodé*, the exquisite steel engravings of the 'fifties seeming old-fashioned, and by the practice having been vulgarised by commercial firms adopting it to illustrate their shop or factory on bill-heads.



WELLINGTON CRESCENT, RAMSGATE
(1860)

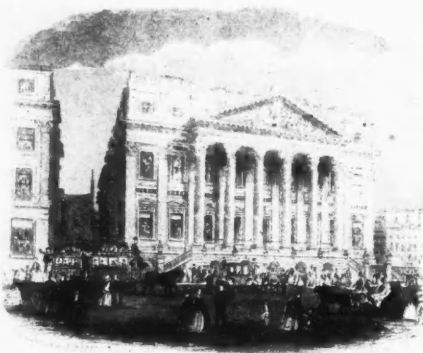
PICTORIAL NOTE-PAPER



POLKANETTE. *What a sweet dance is the Polka*



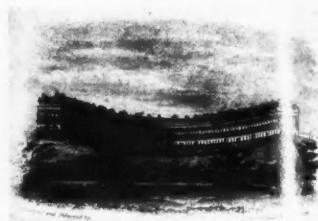
I LOVE. (Rock and Co.)



THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON
(1874)



ABBEY CRESCENT, TORQUAY
(1865)



ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH
(F. Curtis, Bath)

Most of the examples that one remembers of this, now also nearly extinct, form of advertising give the impression of having been cruelly executed in the 'seventies or 'eighties—in the debased styles of those decades.

Thus we have the rough limits of the note-paper vogue as 1840-70.

The headings of this period are, almost without exception, beautifully executed steel engravings. In a majority of cases they were re-used from illustrated topographical books, such as J. P. Neale's *Views of Seats* (first six volumes 1816-23, second series 1824-29), from which the plate of Sezincote, Gloucestershire, was taken. The precedent was evidently followed in the making of special vignettes of country houses, since one of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, is dated July 4, 1856 (illustrated October 6, 1944), and a view in sepia of Redhouse, Ardee, Co. Louth, is dated 1854. This seems to be an amateur effort, since Mr. H. F. McClintock who sends it says that the drawing was by Lady Clermont (*née* Lady Louisa Butler), sister-in-law of Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, the then owner of Redhouse. The most enterprising publishers of note-paper were evidently Rock and Co. who numbered their plates. That of Felbrigg is No. 3166; Abbey Crescent, Torquay (1865), No. 5328. Another prolific publisher was J. Harwood, whose plates are dated from 1841. Local publishers joined in. The view of Royal Crescent, Bath, was published by F. Curtis, 4, Quiet Street, Bath; Beck of Leamington, Syckelmoore of Maidstone, and Percy of Margate, and no doubt many others, published paper with local views. The name of the artist is not generally given except when the plate was derived from a book. These comprise the finest examples technically and are often by leading men such as Pickering (Newby Bridge) or Thomas Allom (Watergate, Chester.)

An entirely different line was exploited by the enterprising Messrs. Rock with a series of delightful vignettes appealing to tenderer sentiments than the topographical. There is a whole sequence for young ladies, with beautifully drawn groups representing the declension of love—"I love," "They love" (a mother with children), "I have loved" (a grandmother consoling a damsel); and another appealing to parents, such as "Polkanette," "The dear children are home for the holidays," and the return of the Prodigal Son. This latter was engraved by Newman and Barclay of Waring Street, London, and published by G. Bakers of Nottingham. Allied to these are two sheets with embossed frame containing respectively a stanza by Milton entitled *Devotedness*, and the musical score of the *Lancers Quadrilles* (Fock and Co.). But with them we are passing beyond the scope of this note. C. H.



REDHOUSE, ARDEE, Co. LOUTH
(1854)



LINCOLN. (J. and F. Harwood, 1841)



THE TOWER OF LONDON. (Crosland and Co. 1841)



NEWBY BRIDGE. BY G. PICKERING



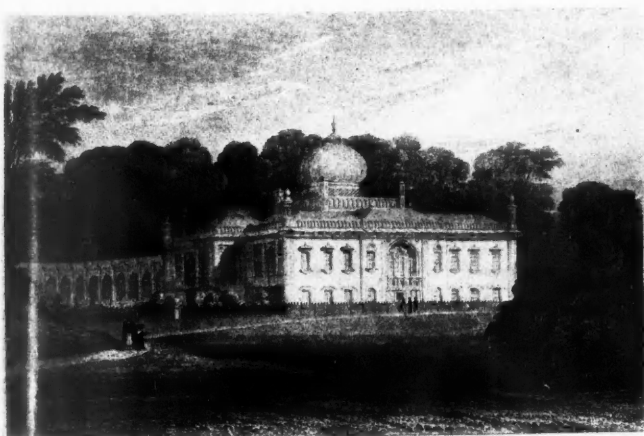
WATERGATE STREET, CHESTER. BY T. ALLOM



BRIGHTON. (J. and F. Harwood)



GRASMERE. (Harwood, 1845)



SEZINCOTE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, BY J. P. NEALE



CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD. (Harwood)

STON EASTON PARK, SOMERSET—II

THE HOME OF COMMANDER BAYNTUN HIPPISELEY

The mansion as it now stands is a late essay in the Palladian and Rococo manner of Kent and Ware, perhaps a product of the builders and stucco workers of 18th-century Bristol.

By BRYAN LITTLE

THE severe, symmetrical façade at Ston Easton (Fig. 1) conceals an interior the two sides of which do not correspond. The preservation of some of the old house, with one wall almost complete, and traces of the early work at the basement level of the south front, meant that a far roomier and more massive building lay behind the west side than to the east. Yet the interior, in the true Palladian tradition, is as well balanced as its designers could make it, with the aid of false doors and cupboard doors where necessary.

The plan centres as far as possible upon the front hall (Fig. 2), the main rooms leading round it from one to another. In the hall is some furniture of the seventeenth century from the older house. An oak armchair is dated "SEP 2, 1629" with the initials I. H. for John Hippiisley. The house has no central staircase, but a smaller hall to the right of the entrance and with an enriched ceiling, contains the larger of the two that exist (Fig. 6). It ascends to a long first-floor corridor which runs most of the house's length, past the rooms which look out from the main front. Two of its arches, with their beading and acanthus foliage, are shown in Fig. 5 and make a dignified connection with the corridor on each side of the staircase head. The bedrooms, one with a pair of unusually spacious powdering cupboards, amply large



1.—THE APPROACH TO THE MAIN FRONT FROM THE S.E.

enough for their present use as box rooms, are simple in design and ornament. Most of them face south and are delightfully light and airy thanks to the cream-coloured walls which the present owners substituted for the dark chocolate colour they found there. One small bedroom has an extra elegant overmantel in carved and painted wood (Fig. 10), reflecting

the style of William Kent no less than does the main front.

The entrance hall is the approach to the mahogany doors of the Saloon. Here is the glory of the house as was customary in the Palladian plan; one of many good cultural results of the Grand Tour, a clear consequence of Richard Hippiisley-Coxe's "foreign travel."

Here he could entertain his cultured political friends, like himself nurtured in the Classics and apt with their Virgilian and Horatian quotations. The room, the general aspect of which is pictured in Fig. 3, is consciously steeped in Classical civilisation. Over the mantelpiece, in a grisaille painting on canvas simulating the stone or stucco reliefs so much admired at the time, Apollo plays his lyre to the Muses, his discarded bow and quiver on the marble plaque of the fireplace below. At the other end (Fig. 4) an adorned and pedimented niche stands ready for some marble deity from Italy; a black nude that may have been part of the original fittings of the room was taken away in recent years. The main door (Fig. 7), with its Corinthian columns, pediment, wheat and vine carving along the frieze, and delicate ornament on the architrave, is a worthy entrance to this spacious temple of Classical culture. Over all is the fine stucco ceiling, strongly of the Italian school and the best of many ceilings that are the most distinguished adornment of the house. An ornamented oval border surrounds the eagle of Jupiter, issuing from an aura of clouds, rays, lightning and thunderbolts and peering fiercely down, dropping his neck well clear of the background. The frieze is of ornamental shells and richly flowered garlands against a background of dark rose plaster. There are clusters of fruit and Triton-like masks at the corners of the outer border. On the window side, at the top of the richly bordered mirrors, with their bracketed marble tables below, ornamented shells answer to the shells of the frieze (Fig. 4). Grisaille painting, fitting the greenish-grey and white colour scheme of the room, is drawn upon again for the two great urns, with their Arcadian dancing scenes, flanking the door and spacing



2.—THE ENTRY HALL. THE FURNITURE IS FROM THE OLD HOUSE



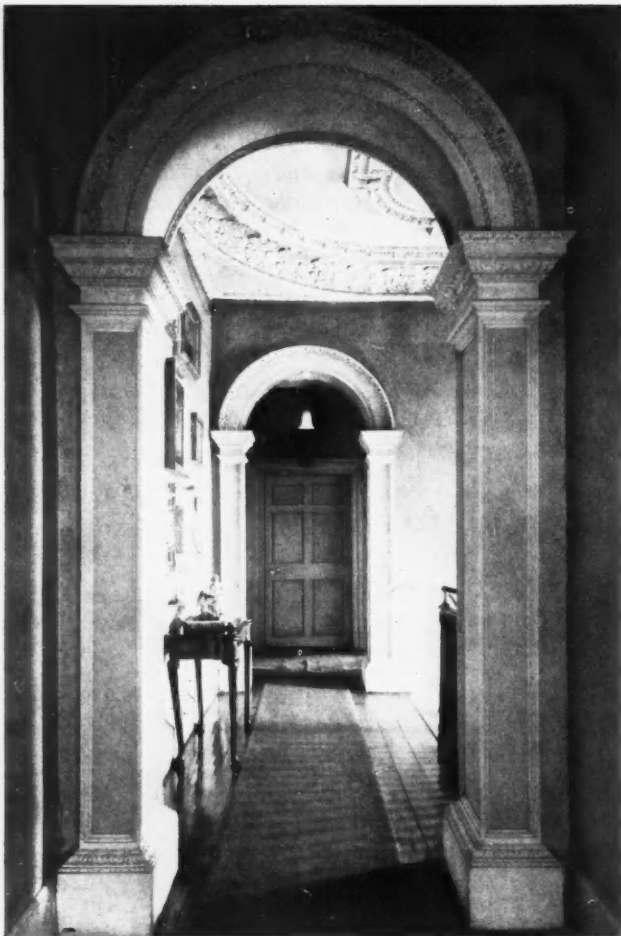
3.—THE SALOON. Grey walls, Venetian red background to frieze, chairs painted black and terra-cotta, grisaille overmantel and panel "reliefs"

out the inner wall (Fig. 8). The use of grisaille in place of, but simulating, stucco relief was more likely due to an afterthought than to economy, since the stuccoist was evidently given *carte blanche* for the ceilings. Among the Saloon's furniture is a fine caned suite painted black and picked out in grisaille, c. 1795.

Next to the Saloon, and like it overlooking the valley behind the house, is the drawing-room. It is daintier than the Saloon, more in the taste of French Rococo, and clearly a ladies' room. The stucco ceiling has a delicately traced pattern of garlands, ribbons, scrollwork and flowers, in lower relief than the centrepiece of the Saloon. The walls are bare of any fanciful incrustation of flowers or branches, but there are three gilt mirrors in the Chinese Chippendale taste, one



4.—THE EAST END OF THE SALOON



5.—THE CORRIDOR AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE



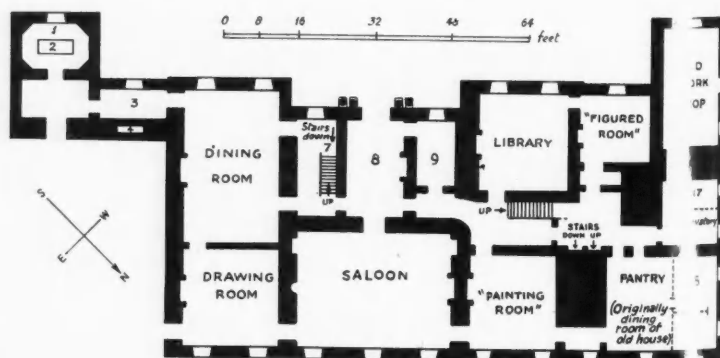
7.—MAIN DOORWAY OF THE SALOON



6.—THE STAIRCASE CEILING. To the left a panel of Mortlake tapestry

with birds, of types unknown to ornithologists, perching on the fantastic leafage of the outer frame. In the chimney-piece (Fig. 9), the decoration includes the stalactite motif common in this fashion; and the fireplace itself is in the same taste, making an integrated group with the mirror above. The burnished steel grate dates from the early nineteenth century. The dado frieze, with its foliate Etruscan moulding, harks back to Bristol, though this moulding is common enough at the period, for it occurs, in a similar position, in Strahan's beautiful Redland Chapel of 1743.

The authorship of the ceilings at Ston Easton is less uncertain than the identity of the architect. The best five, including the delicately traced one in the drawing-room, are clearly by the same hand. Fig. 6 shows the ceiling above the main staircase. Beside the rich baskets of fruit, common in this Georgian stucco of the Italian school, it has the ornamented shells and the grape clusters of the one in the Salon. Mr. C. F. W. Dening of Bristol suggests that all the Ston Easton ceilings may have been designed by one of the three Paty brothers, whose work



GROUND FLOOR PLAN. 1, Octagon; 2, Lady Hippisley's bath; 3, Lady Hippisley's laboratory; 4, "Stink cupboard"; 7, Staircase; 8, Front hall; 9, Cloak room; 15, Sitting-room; 16, Bedroom; 17, Old Justice room

at Bristol covers the second half of the eighteenth century; they may have been executed by Thomas Paty or by the plasterer Stocking of the same city. Thomas Paty probably worked on the ceilings of that exquisite, and then semi-rural, mansion the Royal Fort at Bristol, built in 1760, Stocking on the splendid ceiling (destroyed in an air raid in November, 1940) which once covered St. Nicholas's Church by Bristol Bridge, built in 1768-69. There is more work of this school, of about the same time, at the "romantic Gothick" garden pavilion of Arno's Castle on the eastern outskirts of the city.

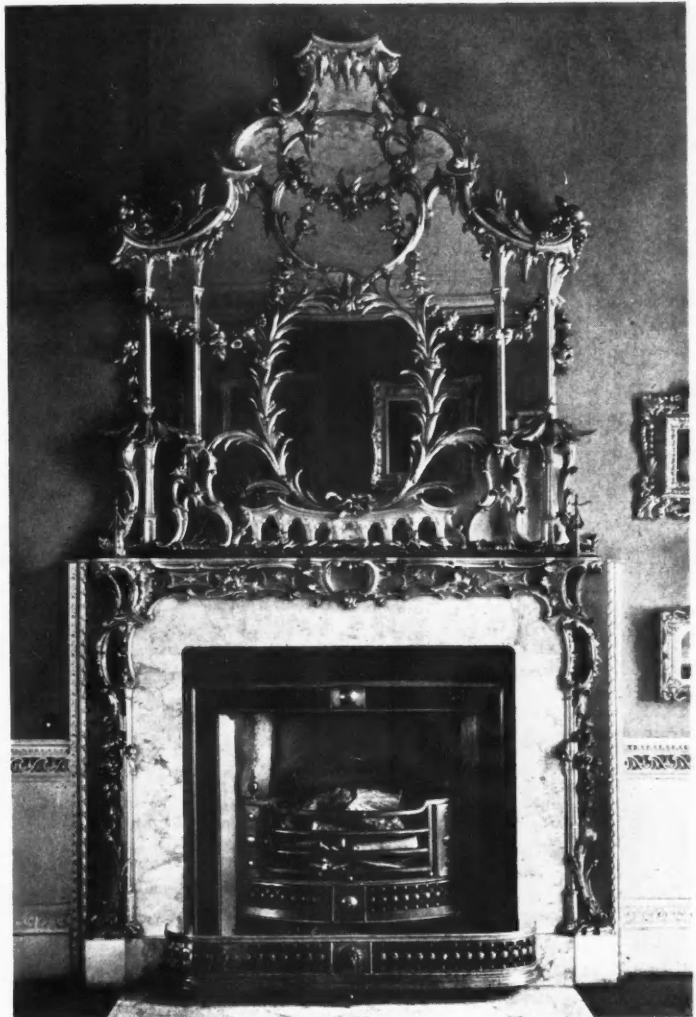
All the Ston Easton ceilings have many *motifs* in common with those at the Royal Fort, where the eagle of the Saloon is almost exactly reproduced, on a smaller scale, as the centre-piece of the main reception-room, the decoration of which also recalls the drawing-room mirrors at Ston Easton. Other ceilings at the Royal Fort and one by Paty at King's Weston are more like that in the drawing-room at Ston Easton, full of streamers and leafy scrolls. All are of the last days of Rococo decoration in England, before the onset of the more consciously Classical style of the Adam school. The Baroque spirit, restrained in actual



(Left) 8.—ONE OF THE CARVED WOOD ROCOCO FRAMES CONTAINING GRISAILLE URN
In the Saloon

(Right) 9.—THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPiece

A notable Chinoiserie composition in carved and gilt wood and mirror



(Below) 10.—CHIMNEYPiece IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM KENT

In the "Painting Room"



buildings by the English attachment to Palladio's sober rules, found its main expression in this country in decoration, ceilings, silverware, and in the ornate, statued, marble memorials in churches, England's artistic equivalent to the great altarpieces of both Catholic and Lutheran countries. It is in this later plasterwork that we still find the sculptural effects of the Italian *stuccatori* who worked for Gibbs and others early in the century. This Bristol school did much highly accomplished work: the Ston Easton ceilings, in some ways more exuberant, in the hall more strictly Classical than the delicately lovely group of the Royal Fort, or the damaged and sadly neglected design round the cove at Arno's Castle, are a very fine collection, fully deserving to be better known than they have been in the past.

Through from the drawing-room is the dining-room, simply panelled in painted wood with good carving above two of its doors. Here are the best of the pictures, including a portrait by Romney of Lady Lutwyche of Lutwyche in Shropshire, one of Commander Hippisley's forbears on his mother's side, and several historical pictures from the same source. Commander Hippisley's mother came from the Bayntun family of Bromham in Wiltshire. Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Bayntun (as he later became) was captain of the 74-gun *Leviathan* at Trafalgar. His chief exploit, shown here in two vivid battle pieces, was the capture of the Spanish two-decker *San Augustin*. Above is his portrait as a vice-admiral, the Trafalgar gold medal conspicuous on his coat.

(To be concluded.)

HENRY KEENE: A GEORGIAN ARCHITECT

By H. CLIFFORD SMITH

THE recent interest in unjustly forgotten Georgian architects reflected in contributions in *COUNTRY LIFE* over the last few months—for example the identification of works by the fine architect Roger Morris—prompts me to draw attention to another of the less known 18th-century architects—Henry Keene, of Golden Square, London, who was born in 1726 and died in 1776.

Among the references to Henry Keene in *COUNTRY LIFE* are several from the years 1940 and 1941—a view of the exterior of his pretty "Gothick" church at Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, built in 1756 and now, alas, closed and abandoned; the account by Mr. Christopher Hussey, on June 21, 1941, of his decorative work in the classical style at Uppark, Sussex, and his triangular "Vandalian" tower in the "Gothick" taste, which stands on the Downs near by.

In his recent article, *A Traffic Plan for High Wycombe*, Mr. Fred Skull mentions a conversation piece signed by Robert Pyle and dated 1760. It depicts a group of fifteen gentlemen, including Henry Keene, assembled in a lofty Palladian apartment—identified by Mr. Skull as the interior of the Guildhall at High Wycombe, erected at the expense of Lord Shelburne in 1757 and of which Keene himself was the architect (Fig. 1). The name of each member of the company, with one exception, is painted just beneath him in the foreground of the picture. The names, reading from left to right, are as follows:—Ben Carter, Euclid Abfray, Devereux Fox, Henry Keene (seated cross legged, his left hand laid upon an architectural plan spread out upon the table beside him), Thomas Dryhurst, Thomas Hefford, George Mercer (pointing to the plan), Edmund Rawlinson, Thomas Gayfere (leaning upon a chair back), J. Pratt, William Cobbett, a gentleman unnamed, probably the chairman (seated at the end of the table with a punch-bowl before



1.—CONVERSATION PIECE, SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE GUILDHALL, HIGH WYCOMBE. PAINTED BY ROBERT PYLE IN 1760

him), John Devet (with an elbow on the back of the latter's chair) and Jeremiah Hutchinson (supporting himself on a crutch and stick), with Thomas Collins immediately behind him.

Apart from Henry Keene and Thomas Gayfere, who was master mason at Westminster Abbey and with whom Keene worked at Westminster for upwards of sixteen years, I have been unable to find out anything about the members of the party.

The important unnamed figure, apparently the host, at the head of the table is in all probability Lord Shelburne, of Wycombe Abbey, an eminent connoisseur for whom the picture might well have been painted—a figure so well known that it was not deemed necessary to inscribe his name upon the canvas.* The persons present may be a local "Committee of Taste" assembled to celebrate the completion of the building. This may apply to the more handsomely dressed members of the company, such as Euclid Abfray, Devereux Fox and John Devet; those in plainer clothes being probably the actual craftsmen employed.

In 1752, at the age of 26, Keene was appointed Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey in succession to James

Horne, at a salary of £10 per annum, and held the post until his death when he was succeeded by James Wyatt. In 1775 he designed new fittings for the choir in place of the original 13th-century stalls, which were taken down and destroyed. A view of the choir in 1823, in which they can be seen, is shown in Neale and Brayley's *Westminster Abbey*. They consisted, in addition to the stalls and pulpit, of panelling adorned with pointed arches resting on slender pillars, which ran across the transepts and could be moved, if required, for coronations and other "such public occasions when an exceptionally large number of persons would be present." In Brayley's opinion "the canopies of the stalls are by no means conceived in good taste, and the finials are inelegant." We learn from the same source, with some surprise, that all the pinnacles of Keene's stalls, pulpit and wainscoting, were of cast iron. They remained in place until the present stalls, designed by Blomfield, were erected in 1848. The pulpit, Mr. Lawrence Tanner tells me, was moved to Trotter's church, near Wrotham, Kent. None of Keene's work now remains *in situ* in the choir.

In addition to his work at Hartwell, High Wycombe and Uppark, Keene was responsible for part of Bowood; but Oxford was the scene of his principal activities. He designed in 1766 the Anatomy School at Christ Church, in 1769 the Fisher Buildings at the south-west corner of Balliol, also the north side of the quadrangle and the Provost's Lodgings at Worcester College, and in 1772 the Radcliffe Infirmary, the Astronomer's House, and the Observatory—to which James Wyatt in 1778 added his famous tower.

In 1766 Keene was called in by Sir Roger Newdigate, a distinguished amateur and a former member of the College, to remodel the interior of the Hall of University College, Oxford. Until that date the Hall, completed in 1657, still had a stone hearth in the middle of the floor—probably the last college to retain the

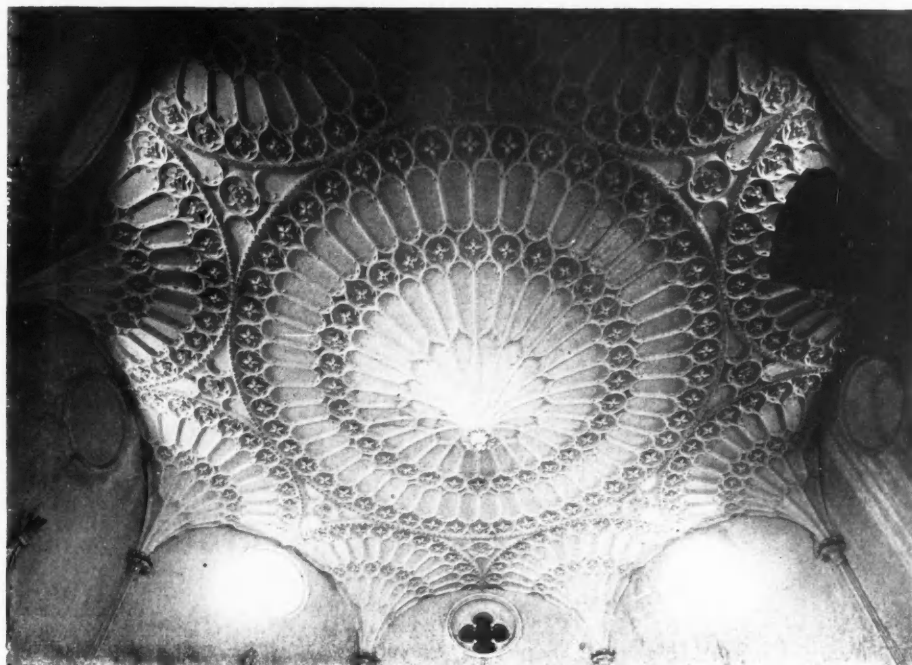
* The picture was bought at Christie's on July 27, 1927, by the Hon. Mrs. Ionides for 140 guineas. It was unfortunately lost in the fire that destroyed Buxted Park, Sussex, Mr. and Mrs. Ionides residence, early in 1940.



2.—STONE VAULTING OF THE RADCLIFFE GATEWAY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD. Circa 1719

mediaeval heating arrangements. A chimney was constructed, and a lofty pinnacled mantelpiece in marble, modelled on the tomb-canopies in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey—a gift from Sir Roger—was erected; the walls were lined with "Gothick" wainscoting in painted pine, and the open timber roof enclosed by a vaulted ceiling decorated with fan-tracery in plasterwork.

The one other person named as present at the symposium at High Wycombe Guildhall in 1760, whom I have knowledge of besides Henry Keene, is Thomas Gayfere, the master mason of Westminster Abbey and builder of Horace Walpole's chapel at Strawberry Hill. His chief work at Westminster from 1807 onwards was the restoration of Henry VII's chapel. Born in 1720, he was eldest son of Thomas Gayfere, of Wapping, mason, and Mary Townsend, of Burford, Oxfordshire. He died in 1812 aged 92, and was buried in the West Cloister of the Abbey. Mr. Lawrence Tanner has conveyed to me an interesting idea which has suggested itself to him, that if Keene and Gayfere were working together as early as 1760, it was probably Keene who brought Gayfere to Westminster as mason to the Dean and Chapter. Sir Kenneth Clark in *The Gothic Revival* speaks of Gayfere as "the only definite link between the survival and revival." For "how, without the unbroken continuity of the builder's craft," as Mr. Edmund Esdaile enquires in his illuminating



3.—PLASTERWORK CEILING OF THE PRETTY "GOTHICK" CHURCH OF HARTWELL, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BUILT BY HENRY KEENE IN 1756, NOW CLOSED AND ABANDONED



4.—THE GUILDHALL, HIGH WYCOMBE. BUILT BY HENRY KEENE IN 1757

(Right) 5.—WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY A. C. PUGIN (1814) OF THE HALL OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, SHOWING HENRY KEENE'S GOTHIC PLASTER CEILING ERECTED IN 1766, REMOVED IN 1904

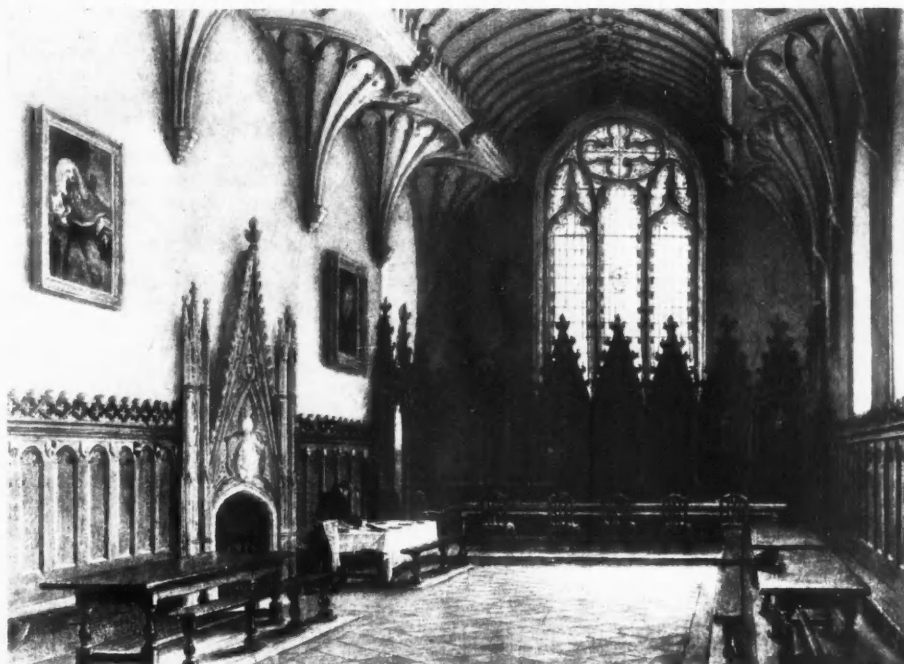
article, *The English Master Builder*, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 24, 1944, "could the Gothic revivalists have found their craftsmen?"

Gayfere, indeed, may have been responsible for the marble chimneypiece in the Hall of University College. The inspiration for the fan-tracery of the ceiling, which may be compared with that in Hartwell church (Fig. 3), may very possibly have been found in the stone vaulting, the work of an unknown architect, finished in 1719, under the Radcliffe gateway of University College (Fig. 2) which—after the fan vaulting of the roof of the great stone staircase of the Hall at Christ Church, erected in 1640 by a master mason of the name of Smith, of London—Sir Kenneth Clark describes as the most important existing example of the late survival of Gothic in this country.

In 1904 it was decided to lengthen University College Hall and at the same time expose the open timber roof. Keene's delightful

plasterwork of the ceiling had to be sacrificed and his "Gothick" wainscoting was replaced by modern oak panelling of Jacobean design. Happily the "Gothick" chimneypiece was left intact. It is now, however, invisible, having been encased in an outer mantelpiece of oak, also of Jacobean pattern, to harmonise with the rest of the woodwork. The ancient louvre which disappeared in 1766 was reconstructed at the same time in the centre of the roof, though no smoke now issues from it.

By good fortune a meticulously accurate water-colour drawing showing the interior of University College Hall exactly as it appeared until 41 years ago, was made by Augustus Charles Pugin and engraved by J. Hill for Ackermann's *History of the University of Oxford*, published in 1814. This is now the property of the United University Club, Pall Mall, who have been good enough to let me have it photographed (Fig. 5).



A PAPER GAME

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

IT appears a cheering sign of things in general and golf in particular that a friend of mine in the intervals of his arduous military labours has found time to play a paper game of golf, very elaborate and rather ridiculous but as it seems to me distinctly amusing. Indeed it amused me enough to seduce me one morning from my proper labours to take quite unofficially a hand in the game. However, I am going to recover those wasted hours by making it my text for the week. It all began by H, as I will call him, and a friend of his, X, trying to choose golfing "best ever" teams of various sorts, on the analogy of the chosen elevens in a recent book of Mr. Sewell's. They did not get on very well, but then H thought of a gauntlet he might throw down which would almost certainly lead to a victory for him. Encouraged by the prospect of beginning his list in the truly formidable manner "Tolley, Wethered," he challenged X to choose the ten best Cambridge players against the ten best from Oxford during the period between wars.

I am not sure exactly on what principle he went and whether undergraduate form or a subsequent form was to be the deciding fact. There are some who have done great things as older players, "and others much then, since naught" in the words of J. K. Stephen's *Old School List*. Judging by the Oxford side he sent me he has taken what may be called a broad general view. I am not going to set out his side, which is alarmingly good to look at, first because it would not be fair as the match has still to be played and the Cambridge side to be chosen; secondly because I do not want to be too eclectic, being aware that other people do not take as vivid an interest in University golf as H and I do. I will only add that I chose a Cambridge side to amuse myself and found it stronger than I expected. It has always happened ever since the days of the first match of all when the Oxford team of four began with the awful names of Horace Hutchinson and Alexander Stuart, that Oxford has tended to have the outstanding individual players and Cambridge has tended to win the match. So it has been in the years between wars and good as my side seems to me I am afraid that H's may be better still. But the match as it is to be conducted by H and his friend will have very peculiar rules, and I will try to explain in case some readers with agreeably childish team-choosing minds may like to play a game between any sides, international or otherwise, that may entertain them.

It is obvious that the match could never be decided on mere opinion. When the two sides had been set out in order H would declare that the leader of his side was clearly better than his opponent on the other. X would from a sense of patriotism be bound to uphold a diametrically opposite view and "the argument would end only with the visit." H and his adversary realised this common human weakness so made a rule that the question of superiority was to be decided strictly on the results of any meetings in what they agree to call "a real match." A win or majority of wins in the University match is to decide the question beyond appeal. If the two players never met on that occasion, then a meeting or meetings in a championship or the President's Putter must decide, and if those cannot be produced then the two choosers will ransack their memories for clashes in team matches of suitable importance. It is clear that under these rules some very odd things may happen, just as they happen in real life. It is essential that neither chooser shall have an inkling of the order in which the opposing team will be placed. Foreknowledge on this point would mean almost certain victory. For example there is a highly distinguished golfer on one side (I will not be more precise) who lost his one match on the crucial occasion to a golfer

of no extraordinary fame who hit his tee shots with an iron and was never heard of afterwards. If one chooser were sure of the place that distinguished person would occupy, he could make sure of defeating him by putting in the man with the driving iron. It would be entirely dishonest but it would attain the desired end.

H is perfectly aware of the danger and is hoping that his knowledge of past matches will be more encyclopaedic than that of his adversary. Naming a most illustrious golfer he says "Of course he is vulnerable to so-and-so but I don't think X knows that." H is palpably a person of a very low order of cunning and I trust that X "knows his tricks and his manners" and will not be bamboozled. It must be of the first importance to have on your side as many players as possible who are not vulnerable in this statistical sense. To take the original example, neither Tolley nor Wethered ever lost a single in the University match; neither did Lucas or Langley on the other side and indeed Lucas holds one record that can never be surpassed, for he played first in each of his three matches and won them all. Now suppose two of these invulnerables meet, a deadlock ensues and their match must be presumably halved, but then will come in the real fun, if it be fun, of searching for an encounter of the two on some other occasion. Here H is very much frightened of a recondite piece of knowledge which X may make use of. I knew it myself but should I have thought of it? I cannot be sure, and indeed I am glad not to be taking an active part. It would need too many wet towels round the fevered brow.

As I said before, a vast deal must depend on the order in which the two choosers place their men and at this moment H and X are each no doubt busily occupied in trying to read

the mind of the other, wondering whether he is an exponent of the bluff or the double bluff or whether he will think that after all honesty is the best policy and set out his men straightforwardly in what he deems the order of merit. On the day fixed for combat H and X will, as I suppose, with all due solemnity hand over their respective orders and then get busy with books of reference in opposite corners of the room in order to discover some odd, forgotten little beating once inflicted by a comparative David upon Goliath. I can incidentally see quite a number of possible weaknesses in the armour of H's team of all the talents, and if X "knows his stuff" and gets some luck in the matter of the draw he may be able to snatch a victory.

One thing I do hope, namely that the match will really be played out and not merely discussed with alternate threats and chuckles and then abandoned. That is too often apt to be the end of eccentric and amusing challenges. There was a friend of mine, long since dead, of a plump figure and no great activity, who occasionally played lawn tennis. A match was suggested between him and the late Laurie Doherty under rules of idyllic simplicity; the champion could only win a point by striking some part of his opponent's person with the ball. The proposal "teemed with quiet fun" and the match was canvassed, laughed over and, I believe, even betted over, but the two players never entered the court and the issue can now, alas! only be decided on Elysian turf. So it was with too many matches made by the immortal George Osbaldeston. He was never beaten in a match across country, but the number in which he actually took part was small compared with those which from one reason or another were abandoned. We have only Dick Christian's regular verdict "I think the Squire would have out-rod him." We want something more definite than that and I solemnly conjure H and X not to be frightened of one another but to fight it out and let me know the result.

ONE PAIR OF REDSTARTS

By JOHN BUXTON

[The comparatively rare black redstart has lately been much in the public eye, partly on account of its liking for bombed sites, but the charming common redstart, known in many country districts as the fire-tail, has not received the same attention. Following is an account of its breeding habits as seen by a prisoner of war in Germany.—Ed.]

THE naturalist who is confined by the barbed wire of a German prison camp to a few acres crowded with humanity must consider carefully before he decides what is to be the subject of his study. He must take account of his own limitations—lack of apparatus such as field-glasses, camera, or microscope, lack of a reference library, very likely of note-books as well; above all the maddening restriction on his movements so that he must wait till the animal he has chosen to study visits him, and cannot follow it round the corner or past that bush. Further he may hope to find some fellow-prisoners willing or eager to learn: he must then choose some species that is readily identified. Clearly then the easiest creatures for a prisoner to watch are birds.

Mammals, with their nocturnal habits, are obviously unsatisfactory. One fellow-prisoner, discovered under a bed, was asked if there was a tunnel there. He confessed that there was. The sentry, hoping to catch the criminals at the moment of discovering the crime, demanded to know who made it. "Two mice," was the reply.

Insects, most of which require enormous text-books and high-powered lenses for identification, are no less unsuitable. There is something to be said for snails, and in our second Summer we pasted tiny pieces of coloured paper on the shells of some clausilia, to watch their lethargic meanderings about an ancient wall: however, this proved a little tedious even for prisoners.

Fish, being outside the wire, are equally outside our province, though a flood once brought in some fry which we rescued and kept for some weeks in a soup bowl. Fish fry, too, are rather unenterprising creatures.

Birds are at once delightful and easy to watch. Most of them go to bed at night like any Christian; many confine themselves voluntarily to an area which with luck may fit inside a prison camp. They do not live under beds or in other suspicious places, and, though the climbing of trees was rather discouraged, enough could usually be seen without that. If then we—I say we, since there were two of us, Dick Purchon (a marine biologist) and I—were to watch some bird, which species should we choose?

There were several possible choices, but of them all we chose the common redstart, and for a number of reasons. It is a conspicuous bird, confiding as the robin in England, and so unlikely to be too much disturbed by our presence. The sexes are easily distinguished, and it will nest readily in boxes, which we provided. As it is a Summer resident it is easy to know when to start watching it (as soon as it arrives) and when to stop (as soon as it goes). If invisible it is easily recognisable by song or call. And last, but not least, the redstart, being a bright, gaily-coloured little bird, would surely be more pleasure to watch than some dowdy or songless species.

Certainly it has proved a good choice, for

the redstart has bred in or near our camp in four out of the five Summers we have spent in prison. There is no question that our studies have been most rewarding, and especially of one pair, which were watched from dawn to dusk every day they were present in 1943 by a team of ten or a dozen of us. It is of this pair's strange history that I now write.

Though we had seen redstarts occasionally from the first of the month it was not until April 17 that a cock began to sing consistently in the camp, and to show signs of taking up his territory there. Early the next morning he was seen to visit one of the nest-boxes (made of the crates in which Canadian Red Cross parcels are packed). Now began the first tentative "advertisement" of the selected nest-sites—he seemed to have decided upon two, and it was left to the hen to choose between these. But it was April 21 before the hen arrived, and in the meantime the cock continued to sing and to visit his two chosen nest-boxes.

The displays with which the cock attracts his mate to the site for the nest have not, it seems, been described before; nor does it appear that anyone had noted that selection of the site is made by the cock. In some of the seven nests we watched at various times did the hen even approach the site until attracted there by her mate. He has three different performances which serve this purpose. First, he enters the box or hole and then pokes his head out of the entrance, so that the white crescentic patch on his brow, set off by black gorget and slate-grey head, is most conspicuous. To make it still more so he flashes his head quickly in and out, often ten or more times in succession. If this fails to bring the hen to the hole, then he will fly out and in again at once, so that his red tail shines and flashes. This performance is so rapid that all that the human eye can see is a glint of russet red: we called this, in our notes, "somersaulting." If both these fail to attract the hen (and they seldom do) the cock may glide down to the nest-hole on stiff wings, with fanned tail, singing as he flies. Of course often enough all three performances would be used within a minute or two, but they seem to be effective in the order given.

On April 26 the hen began her first nest, and at once the cock almost stopped singing. The cock takes no part in building, but stays near the hen while she carries in twigs, roots, bents, hair, moss and all sorts of odds and ends. This first nest was completed on May 2, and next day the first egg was laid. Now while laying is in progress the birds seldom go near the nest, which is thus left unguarded against intruders. One such intruder arrived next morning in the shape of a wryneck, a bird of reprehensible habits which apparently takes delight in infringing on the territory of smaller birds. It ejected the egg and part of the nest.

Both redstarts left the neighbourhood of the nest for some hours, but in the evening the cock began singing well again, and visited a box. Thus on the destruction of this nest, leading to desertion, the cock at once took the initiative, as before the building of the first nest. Next day the hen reappeared and after some "advertisement" at a nest-box by the cock she began her second nest. This was completed on May 7, taking less than half as long as the first nest to build. As soon as building began the cock became silent and inactive, but he began to sing while the hen was laying, and returned to full song when incubation of four eggs was in progress. However, this clutch, too, was destroyed, on May 16, by a wryneck, in spite of the constant presence of the redstarts about the nest.

The first nest was deserted in the midst of laying; the second after incubation had begun. It would be interesting to see if the hen could overcome her broodiness and lay again. She had been able to continue laying after the first interruption, but it had been known before that birds seem able sometimes to delay the eggs for a few days.

The cock resumed his "advertisement" display, this time at the box where the first nest had been built. The hen took in a few scraps of material in the evening. For some reason the birds were restless next morning, and, though they visited this box at first, about 9 o'clock they disappeared. At noon they were visiting another box, and after a short "advertisement" by the cock the hen began her third nest.



Ian M. Thomson

A BRIGHT, GAILY-COLOURED LITTLE BIRD WHICH IT IS A GREAT PLEASURE TO WATCH: THE COCK REDSTART

This nest took four days to build. After that both birds hung about near it for days, very quiet, but preening excessively in a fidgeting manner, and obviously ill at ease. No eggs were laid. But a strange thing happened: from time to time the cock brought food and dropped it into the empty nest. Now the cock does not feed the hen while she is incubating—she comes off three or four times an hour to feed herself—but he does share in feeding the chicks. If the first nest had not been destroyed there should by now have been chicks for him to feed. Does this behaviour indicate that, although he was able to adapt himself when the nests were destroyed, he could do so only temporarily, and that his sexual cycle is so fixed that he must bring food to a nest at the appropriate date regardless of the fact that that nest is empty? And if this is so, does this also account for his inability to fertilize the hen again, and so for her failure to lay eggs? Perhaps so, but at present we must leave these questions unanswered.

But this is not all, for on May 28 the cock began singing well once again in the area near the first two nests. This he continued to do, and then, to our astonishment, for the fourth time began his advertising display at yet another nest-box; and, to cut a long story short, on June 2 the hen began her fourth nest here. Thus, not only could she not choose a nest-site without the cock's previous selection, but she could not resist his display and had to build if he selected a site! Yet here, too, no egg was laid, and the hen last visited this nest on June 12; and, though both birds remained near for some days, their attempts at breeding were at an end for the season.

Such in brief was the history of one pair of redstarts, and it gives cause for much speculation on the mentality of birds—their hide-bound conventionality alongside quite remarkable

adaptability. There are so many questions raised by this pair of birds that I could not list them here, let alone try to answer them. But one thing I may add.

We often saw the courtship display. As with most birds the cock of which is more brightly coloured than the hen, the rôle of the hen is more or less passive: her part is only to "suffer herself to be desired." At first there are the chases usual in small birds, the cock pursuing the hen in and out among the branches of the tree where the nest is to be built. But in the complete display the cock, with his bright tail fanned and pressed down on to the branch, along which his rosy body is crouched flat; with his black face, yellow-orange open mouth, and white cap thrust toward the hen; with his wings held straight up to show their shimmering pink undersides while excitedly he quivers them; and, after he had been accepted, his wild, darting flight accompanied by a sweet warbling song—all combine to make one of the most delicately lovely scenes I have ever watched in the lives of birds. The hen can reject his advances by pecking towards him: she seldom does so. But the hen cannot initiate this display, and she is as helpless to induce the cock to mate with her as she is to select a site for the nest which she alone will build.

Suppose that her part in display were not passive; suppose that she could bring the cock to mate with her, would the third nest have remained empty? I do not know, but one of the rewards of watching birds is to be able to ask questions. To answer them is a rare prize. After all, simply to watch so gay and delightful a bird as the redstart is reward enough. That one could perhaps add something to men's knowledge of their ways was sheer gain; but for myself, even if I was ever so foolish as to think I had not more to learn about them, I should still watch the redstarts.

CORRESPONDENCE

IN TOBERMORY BAY

SIR,—The Duchess of Wellington wonders whether some of your readers can recall any of the legends associated with the Spanish galleon lying at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, in the Isle of Mull. In addition to that which she introduces into those charming verses of hers, which you publish in your issue of March 2 (about which I do know, and concerning which I may have some further information shortly) the following three legends come to mind.

The first concerns a Spanish princess, whose body, recovered from the wreck, was interred in the ancient burying-ground at Keil, in Morven, on the opposite shore of the Sound of Mull. A few years ago, I had it from the natives of Morven that, some time after the destruction of Philip's fleet, there came to Morven a Spanish ship in order to bear the princess's remains to her native land. During exhumation, however, some of her finger-bones were lost; and so, at times, the princess's ghost may be seen as it flits between Keil and the shore of the Sound, seeking the lost finger-bones.

The second legend concerns a dog belonging to one of the Spanish crew. This creature is said to have been thrown ashore on a fragment of the galleon's deck when the explosion took place. In a dying condition it was picked up by one of the natives of Mull, who nursed it back to health, whereafter it constantly resorted to the spot on the shore nearest the sunken *Florida*, and howled inconso-

lably. According to the third legend, Mull owes its breed of nimble-footed ponies to a number of ponies said to have been carried by the galleon, and to have been put ashore to graze some time before crew and galleon perished. —ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR, *One Acre, Bracknell, Berkshire.*

THE MYSTERY OF A SPRING

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can explain the mystery of a small spring in my garden. The garden lies under a steep hill leading to the New Forest, the soil is rich loam but acid, and there are no fewer than six small springs of water in an area of 100 yds.

All of these are clear, except one which rises in a small boggy corner and then flows through a small channel about a foot wide. This channel is filled with a jelly-like slime of a yellow-brown colour, which is deposited in such quantities that, if cleared completely, it has formed again within a couple of days. The slime, which becomes more solid when exposed to the air, is carried into the main stream, filling it completely, and is deposited a few yards below at a small dam, choking the flow and requiring cleaning every month. At each cleaning some two to three barrow-loads of sludge are removed. The smell of this sludge is rank and unpleasant, and the water below has a most noxious taste. The peculiar feature of the spring is how such a tiny flow of water can deliver the great quantity of sludge—and from where does this sludge come?—C. S. JARVIS (Major), *Ringwood, Hampshire.*

THE APOLLO LYRE

SIR,—In *The Farington Diary*, Vol. IV, facing page 62, a print of the celebrated Italian singer, Angelica Catalani, is reproduced, which shows an Apollo lyre, or *lyre-guitarre*, supported on a cushion at her feet. It corresponds, I think, very closely with Sir Ambrose Heal's example, "having the lateral upright arms shortened and curled over to form a volute ending in a rosette and the strongly curved stays joining them to the neck." The name of neither painter nor engraver is

given, but I should judge the print to be Italian. Madame Catalani made her debut in London on December 15, 1806.—RALPH EDWARDS, *Chiswick, W.4.*

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED

SIR,—In visiting Hacombe Church (near Newton Abbot, Devon), I came upon an epitaph which I had not seen anywhere before. I reproduce the original spelling:—

Two bodies lie beneath this stone
Which love and marriage long made one

One soul conjoined them by a force
Above the power of death's divorce
One flame of love their lives did burne

Even to ashes in their urne
They dy but not depart who meet
In wedding or in winding sheet
Whom God hath knit so firm in one

It may interest some of your readers to know I saw a swallow flying round my garden on March 7—another natural phenomenon about a month earlier than usual. It will be interesting to see if the other migrants are early.

Butterflies don't seem to be unusually early, however. The brimstone and small tortoiseshell were out by March 13 as opposed to March 17 last year in this district; they always seem to come out together.—R. C. R. ALLEN, *c/o School House, Leighton Park, Reading, Berkshire.*

HADLOW CASTLE

SIR,—It might interest your readers to see a photograph of the curious Hadlow Castle, Kent, known locally as Sugar Cake Castle, which has recently been sold by Mr. H. Gaudern



SUGAR CAKE CASTLE

See letter: Hadlow Castle

Admit no separacioun
Therefore unto one marble trust
We leave there now united dust
As roots in earth embrace to rise
Most lovely flowers in Paradise.

THOMAS AND ANNE CAREW
6th and 8th December 1656.

The circumstances of the deaths of husband and wife so near together in time are not related. It may be that she "for a little tri'd to live without him, Lik'd it not, and di'd" or perhaps they were victims of the same disease—the plague, possibly.

Hacombe Church has been in the care of many generations of Thomas Carew's family.

—DEREK PARSONS, *Oxford and Cambridge University Club, S.W.1.*

"SPRING"

SIR,—I read with great interest the letter in your March 9 issue concerning the early movement of frogs. I most certainly have noticed this movement in this part of the country, only not so early as your other correspondent. It started here about March 4 and now the ponds are full of pairs and I found my first lump of spawn on March 15, which points to some couples pairing about a couple of weeks previously. Last year the frog festival was about April 10 or 11.

Pearson, a farmer, to a London business man.

The curious point is that the ornate tower, dating from 1860, was built as a reputed replica of the celebrated Bruges Belfry (but on a smaller scale, it being but 150 feet in height, against the Belgian tower's 354 feet), by an admirer of its undoubted architectural beauty.—P. H. L., *Pinner, Middlesex.*

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT

SIR,—Your readers may like to have some account of the three patent medicines—Daffy's Elixir, Godfrey's Cordial and Hadsie's Bottle—which Sir Richard Arkwright advertised on his trade card shown in *COUNTRY LIFE* last week as for sale in his barber's shop at Bolton about 1765.

Daffy's Elixir was invented by Anthony Daffy, and is described in a pamphlet issued by him in 1673 as *ELIXIR SALUTIS: the Choise Drink of health, or, Health-Bringing Drink. Being a famous Cordial Drink found out by the Providence of the Almighty, and Experienced a Most Excellent Preservative of Man-Kind. A SECRET Far beyond any Medicament yet known.* A long list is given of the complaints it claims to cure; and it is stated to be obtainable at ten shops and other

business premises, and "at my own House at the lower end of *Fleet-Lane* in *Cock-Court* the second house on the left hand." Daffy died in 1750, and in 1780 the death is recorded of "Mrs. Mary Swinton 'Daffy's Elixir-maker' of Salisbury Square, Niece and Executrix of Anthony Daffy." The *British Pharmacopoeia* of 1914 equivalent of Daffy's Elixir is nothing more than a compound tincture of senna.

Godfrey's Cordial is attributed to Dr. Thomas Godfrey, who practised in Hunsdon, Hertfordshire. The following appeared in the *Weekly Journal* of December 23, 1721: "This is to certify all Persons, that John Fisher, Physician and Chymist of Cheshunt in the County of Hertford, who formerly lived with Dr. Godfrey of Hunsdon, doth truly prepare this general Cordial. . . . I do advise all Persons, for their own Safety, not to meddle with the said Cordial prepared by illiterate and ignorant Persons, as Bakers, Malsters, and Goldsmiths, that shall pretend to make it, it being beyond their Reach; so that by their Covetousness and Pretensions, many Men, Women, and especially Infants, may fall as Victims, whose Slain may exceed Herod's Cruelty."

The history of Daffy's Elixir and Godfrey's Cordial is given in the special annual issue of the *Chemist and Druggist* for 1927, but of Hadsie's Bottle, which like many patent medicines of the past were of local origin and use, nothing appears to be recorded. The editor, who has been good enough to lend me a copy of the journal in question, has made enquiries from a correspondent learned in these matters who says that he is unable to trace this preparation, and thinks, therefore, that it must have had only a local reputation. He informs me that the use of the word "bottle" in the sense of the contents of the bottle originated in the north of England.—S., *Athenæum Club, S.W.1.*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN MULE

SIR,—A most interesting and instructive article by Major Arnold Leese in a recent issue on mule sense prompts me to speak of a branch of the mule family which he has not specifically mentioned.

I refer to the smaller breed from 13 to 14 hands who have their home in South Africa. They resemble the Basuto pony, small intelligent heads well set on, good shoulders and quarters with clean legs and small hoofs, well ribbed up, their coats usually dun or bay; they are a picture.

For over a year I was transport officer to my regiment. We covered many miles over difficult country, frequently roadless and mountainous, with deep spruits and dongas and the going heavy. During the two and a half years that we were on active service the transport alone covered several thousand miles.

Our transport vehicle was the South African long waggon with pole draught, and ten span (ten in harness) of these little animals was the team for each waggon. Their drivers were Cape boys (we had one queer dwarf of a Hottentot), very cool under fire (as were the mules), experts with the long bamboo whip and perfect at handling a big team. The waggons were often overloaded with all manner of stores for the regiment and feed for the horses and drove heavily.

Nothing ever tired the mules; accustomed to working together and well looked after and loved by their drivers they overcame long hours and bad rocky tracks which were frequently too much for the horse- and ox-drawn guns and vehicles.

They entrained and detrained like a pack of hounds. A mule carried a dragon in the ranks of one squadron

for 10 months and was never sick or sorry; his rider was devoted to him.

For their own drivers they would do anything, but they did not love, nor would they work for, strangers. They thrive on meagre rations, delighted if they occasionally got a bundle of oat hay from a farm.

At the end of a march they were unharnessed, fed at the waggon-poles, and then turned out to graze. The first thing they did when free was to roll and roll right over with the zest of a dog. They invariably lay down and rested tethered to the waggon-poles at night.

A tired horse does not lie down happily; if he rolls he seldom rolls right over. He has not the sense to realize what a relief it is to weary limbs lie down, how pleasant it is to back which have carried saddles or harness through the burden and heat of the day to roll luxuriously

Working from the medlar, I discovered that the white beam is known in the north of England as the chess apple. The description of the fruit of this tree, and the similarity in the local names, makes me inclined to identify the chequers-tree as the white beam, or some kindred tree.

The link between the tree and the inn-sign was still missing. It has now been suggested to me that the tree may well have been planted as the "bush" of taverns already known as Chequers and that this practice, happened on by some ingenious old innkeeper of other days, may have been widely adopted. This is, of course, nothing but a wild guess, but the use of the tree would have been so appropriate that it seems worth considering.

The main problem is still unsolved, however. What has happened to the chequers-tree?—W.A. Gorewell, Chilham, Canterbury, Kent.

W. J. Bean in *Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles* says that the fruits of *Pyrus torminalis*, the wild service tree, are known in Kent and Sussex as Chequers. In Canterbury they are "bletted" after the fashion of medlars.—ED.]

STEVENSON'S BOURNEMOUTH HOME

SIR,—In connection with the recent fiftieth anniversary of Stevenson's sudden death in Samoa, where he had gone to live for his health's sake, there has come a revival of interest in his books. Perhaps, some of your readers may be pleased to see the accompanying photograph, which I took many years ago on one of my visits to Skerryvore, the house at Westbourne, Bournemouth, where he lived for some time and wrote several of his books.

Named after the Skerryvore lighthouse built by his grandfather's firm on an Inner Reef of the Hebrides, off the West Coast of Scotland, the house stands at the head of a branch of Alum Chine.—CLIVE HOLLAND, Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire.

THE WINSOME WILLOW-WARBLER

SIR,—I find that I have another picture of the little willow-warbler family that I described in your issue of March 16, which your readers may



SKERRYVORE WHERE R.L.S. LIVED IN BOURNEMOUTH

See letter: Stevenson's Bournemouth Home

over and over. The horse as a rule is more anxious and nervous than the mule who is a real philosopher, with a strong sense of humour.—MAURICE CAILLARD, Harlech, Merionethshire.

THE CHEQUERS-TREE

SIR,—Some months ago I was asked to obtain confirmation of a local belief that a "chequers" tree once grew near to every inn or tavern of that name.

My investigations have led to several interesting points, and to one ingenious suggestion. I was quite unable to find anyone in the district who had ever seen a chequers-tree, but an old farm-hand said that he remembered eating "chequers-apples" which were similar to medlars, but smaller.

From this point (in itself interesting, as it seems to show that there were, at one time, trees of this kind in the district) I was on surer ground.



THE BABY WILLOW-WARBLES IN THE INFANTS' CLASS

See letter: The Winsome Willow-warbler



DECORATIVE PLASTER-WORK ON A COTTAGE AT SIBTON

See letter: A Suffolk Pargeter

like to see. Here I had arranged the chicks in two rows like children in a class-room instead of all along one branch. I think this picture particularly shows the charming fluffiness of their little feathery heads above the eyes.—A. F. PARK, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

BEADWORK PIN-CUSHION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a beadwork pin-cushion of mid-Victorian character which I found in a shop in Chester, and, as it aroused my curiosity, I bought it. It is nine inches across and is decorated with clear and coloured glass beads and bugles. The centre is of maroon-coloured (perhaps faded magenta) velvet. The bird, presumably a dove—not an American eagle—has red and green bugles on the body, emerald green bugles on the wings and a blue eye. Its claws are yellow and the branch or leaf on which it perches looks like a palm leaf, but may be an olive branch. The Stars and Stripes are in their proper colours—the field of the stars blue, the bars red and white. The centres of the leaves of the border are of various colours arranged alternately. The back of the pin-cushion is of pink glazed chintz.

I have lately come across in a shop in Newbury another pin-cushion which is almost identical with mine. The bird is the same, but is in a slightly different position and rests not on a branch or leaf but on a twig ending in a trefoil. The ground is magenta-coloured velvet. The owner tells me that it came from Rotherham in Yorkshire.

I am puzzled to know in what circumstances the two pin-cushions were made and how two almost identical articles with American associations could have found their way to this country to places so far apart as Chester and Rotherham.

Is it possible that the two flags represent the North and South respectively, that the two pin-cushions were made in the United States to commemorate the peace between the Federals and Confederates, and that they were sent over to friends in England at the termination of the American Civil War?

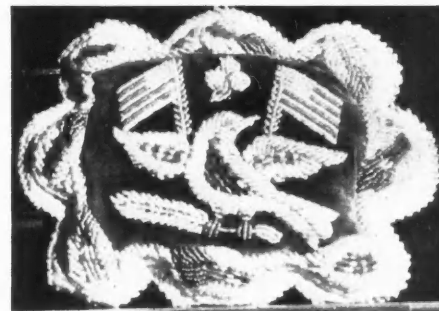
There is nothing of the kind in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the needlework expert there has never met with anything similar. I would be happy to give mine to any museum that might wish to exhibit it as an historical relic.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, Highclere, near Newbury, Berkshire.

A SUFFOLK PARGETER

SIR,—In his letter, published in COUNTRY LIFE recently, Mr. Allan Jobson mentions a cottage at Sibton with a beautifully complete pargeted front of trails and Tudor roses, and another at Yoxford, less complete, but evidently from the same source of inspiration. Your readers may care to see a photograph of the Sibton work which I took some years ago.

In my article *Pargeting in Suffolk*, published in the *Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archaeology* in 1939, I drew attention to this similarity.

"Along the front of a cottage at



A COMMEMORATIVE BEADWORK PIN-CUSHION

See letter: Beadwork Pin-cushion

Yoxford runs a repeating pattern of conventionalised honeysuckle. At one end it terminates in a dragon's head. In the neighbouring village of Sibton, this identical pattern, including the terminal dragon, is used on another cottage. In both cases a human head is to be seen next the dragon. At Sibton, the cast of this head is used again together with conventional flowers, in one of the four areas of decoration above the string-course. Presumably both pieces of pargeting are the work of the same craftsman, using the same moulds.—F. A. GIRLING, Holly Lodge, Lawford, Manningtree, Essex.

LATE BREEDING OF GREAT CRESTED GREBES

From the Hon. Guy Charteris.

SIR,—In the last week of July on the lake at Himley Hall, Worcestershire, I saw three great crested grebes and was surprised to see that two were "teed up" on nests. On one nest was a single egg, unstained and partly covered by the usual swab of wet waterweed, and on the other, three eggs which, although they seemed only slightly incubated, were already stained a deep and dirty brown. At

first I thought there was a fourth—a pullet's egg—in the nest, but this was an entire walnut which the bird must have salvaged from the shallows. The third grebe had been cruising very near this nest which was not more than 50 yds. from the other.

On August 5 a fête was held and the lake was invested by a crowd of more than 60,000. Moreover there was an angling competition and active disturbance by a hydro-glider. Notwithstanding, on the following day both birds were incubating and examination of the nests showed that there were now two stained eggs in the first nest and that the walnut had been discarded from the second nest.

The incubation period of this species is approximately four weeks, so that if the eggs hatched it would not be

concerning the qualities of the chairs which were illustrated it is as well to remember the odd lengths to which Victorian romanticism extended.

These chairs are made of terracotta with the utmost care and desire for realism. There are various holes and hollows in which ferns can be planted to heighten the effect of rusticity. I should be interested to know if anyone has an old gardening catalogue of the late nineteenth century which offers similar objects for sale and to see how they are described, and by what means the public were persuaded to buy them.—PATRICK HORSBRUGH, 3, Ann Street, Edinburgh 4.

MORE WORCESTERSHIRE ROCK DWELLINGS

SIR.—I send you some snapshots taken at one of the most famous of the Worcestershire rock dwellings, Redstone Rocks, which overlook the Severn a few miles below Bewdley, in the parish of Astley. Here was a mediæval hermitage, and a ferry. In 1431 it is recorded that the Bishop of Worcester licensed Richard Spetchley to be a hermit here.

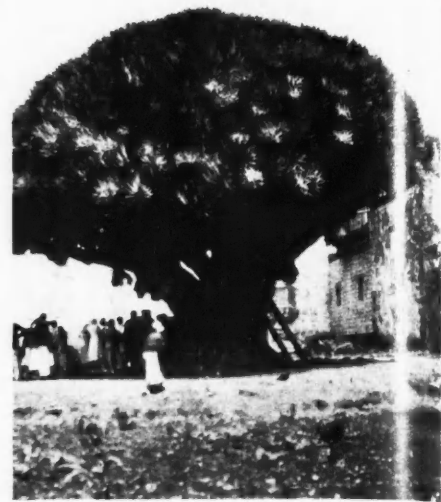
At the Reformation such places were no doubt under suspicion: Bishop Latimer wrote from Hartlebury Castle, only a few miles across the river from Redstone, to Thomas Cromwell, then secretary to Wolsey: "Hereby is an Hermitage in a rock

carvings have disappeared, but there can still be seen what appears to be a pulpit from which a preacher could be heard.

The most memorable day in the history of Redstone was April 26, 1502, when the body of Prince Arthur, after a night at Tickenhill, was taken across the ferry, that being then the main road from Ludlow to Worcester.

At a corner of the road where it turns towards the river stands a rather gaunt house dated 1660 (though it looks Georgian), which seems to have been an inn where travellers by coach would wait to cross the ferry: it has for a long time been occupied by several families. The caves have also been put to many uses. About 1830 there was a school in one of them; later most of them were occupied, like those recently illustrated from north Worcestershire; and there was a cider house there at one time, to cheer the traveller: and later on the usual kind of tramps and gypsies used them.

There was a ford above the ferry which, until the river was deepened by means of locks, for navigation, in 1843, could easily be crossed in normal weather. The mediæval hermits seem to have controlled the ferry, and after their time it was let to various families, among them the Yarrantons, whose most famous member, Andrew Yarranton, the engineer, was born at Larport, a neighbouring farm-house. The building of Stourport bridge in 1773 probably meant the end of this ferry as a profitable concern.



THE DRAGON TREE AT TENERIFE

See letter: A Methuselah Tree

There was one horrifying episode after the last war when Redstone began to be converted into a popular pleasure park, but a timely flood swept the erections away and the attempt was not repeated.

A few miles higher up the river is Blackstone Rock, illustrated in your recent article on Ribbesford, which is also said to have been a hermitage.—M. W., Hereford.

A METHUSELAH TREE

SIR.—In a recent issue you published a photograph of the leaves of a dragon tree in Gibraltar. Your readers may be interested to see the enclosed snapshot of a tree now standing at La Laguna, Tenerife, which is believed to be from 1,500 to 2,000 years old.

These strange trees (*Dracæna draco*) belong to the family Liliaceæ, and from the leaves and trunk the resin called dragon's blood is procured. They must surely hold the record for longevity, for the famous specimen at Orotava, Tenerife, which was blown down by a hurricane in 1868, was estimated to be at least 6,000 years old, and some even reckoned its age as 10,000 years.—D. J. BROOKS, Hartford End, Chelmsford, Essex.

AUGUSTUS HARE

SIR.—May I point out a misprint in your Editorial note *Intelligent Questions* (on page 412 of March 9) recommending "the delightful books" by Augustus Hale which should be Hare. *Walks in Rome* and *Walks in London* both merit your descriptive adjective.—CHRISTINA M. RIVINGTON, London, W.2.

[Unfortunately this mistake was not discovered in time to prevent its appearance in print.—Ed.]



until the brink of September. In case there might have been earlier attempts to breed I looked for other nests but found none. Again I saw only three birds, and since both sexes share incubation there was an interesting domestic problem which I was unable to study.

Great crested grebes will sometimes lay at the end of March, but where, as at Himley, marginal vegetation is inadequate to provide covert, nidification may be postponed until pondweed, rising to the surface in the late Summer, affords anchorage for their raft-like nests.

I should be interested to know if any of your readers have experienced similar cases of late breeding.—GUY CHARTERIS, Bishopstone, Bridge Sollers, Herefordshire.

THE VICTORIAN GARDEN FURNITURE

SIR.—The letter published in *COUNTRY LIFE* recently in praise of Victorian armchairs reminded me of a set of garden furniture which I came upon recently in a back garden at Thornaby, Yorkshire, and of which I send sketches for the amusement of your readers. While agreeing with the observations of your correspondent



by Severn able to lodge 500 men and as ready for thieves or traitors as true men. I would not have hermits masters of such dens, but rather that some faithful man had it." In the eighteenth century a number of bodies were found buried here.

Habington, the Elizabethan antiquary of Worcestershire, says that the hermitage was adorned, presumably by carvings on the rock face, with coats of arms of the Beauchamps, Mortimers and other noble families, and even those of royalty. Tradition says that Layamon composed his *Brut* here: more probably he was the parish priest, in the reign of John.

The stone is very soft and the



VICTORIAN GARDEN SEATS IN TERRA-COTTA (c. 1890) WITH CRANNIES IN WHICH FERNS CAN BE PLANTED

See letter: The Victorian Garden Furniture



REDSTONE HERMITAGE (Middle) THE INN BY THE FERRY (Right) THE RIVER AT REDSTONE HERMITAGE

See letter: More Worcestershire Rock Dwellings

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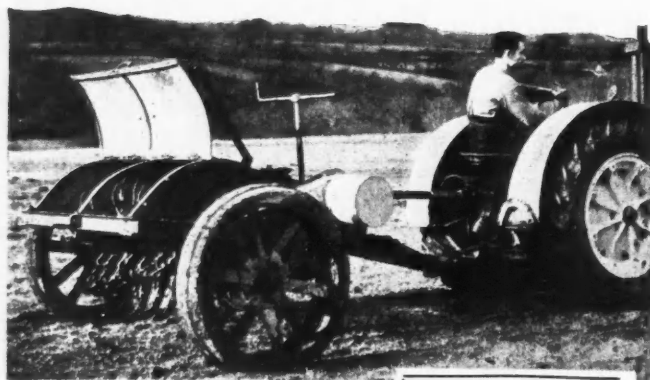
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FARMING NOTES

A BUSY MONTH ON THE LAND

FARMERS have been greatly cheered by the fine spell that allowed them to work such a transition in their fields in the first half of March. Once the ground dried everyone was busy and it was not long before many thousands of acres of oats and barley were safely in the ground. The merchants were hard-pressed to keep pace with the demands for seed corn and fertilisers, but everyone worked with a will and it was most satisfactory to see arrears of cultivations caught up so expeditiously. Knowing how short labour is on almost every farm the achievements of March are most highly creditable. Now we have to prepare for potatoes and roots, two crops which take a great deal of labour.

The Farm-Workers

IT is the labour problem which is troubling farmers most at the present time. Since their regular men are all five years older than they were at the beginning of the war, they have not quite the same zest. I hear of some cases where tractor drivers have needed a good deal of persuasion to work overtime on Saturday afternoons, even when work presses and conditions are just right for final cultivations. No doubt the operation of P.A.Y.E. has something to do with this. If a man earns an extra 6s. on Saturday afternoon 2s. or 2s. 6d. of this may easily go in additional income-tax. It is true that agriculture is employing to-day as many people as it did in 1939. In fact some counties have rather more farm labour than they had then. It is quality and experience that are lacking. We have more old-age pensioners on our farms and more willing but inexperienced workers. The 18-year-olds go off to the Forces rightly enough when their time comes, but we are not getting back from the Services any worthwhile number of experienced men.

Men from the Forces

WHEN demobilisation starts agriculture will not come into the first category. We shall not automatically get back the skilled men who went off the farms at the beginning of the war because they were in the Territorials. I understand that we shall be able to apply for them individually and make out the best case we can for their release to take up particular jobs. In the meantime we have to manage as best we can with substitute labour. The Government are asking for even more volunteers for the harvest camps this Summer. I hope these volunteers will be forthcoming. With the re-opening of the sea-shore, holiday resorts will have a stronger pull than they have had in the last few years. Many people in industry or a town business will feel that they want a real holiday this Summer and not too much work at a harvest camp. But the nation will want their help again in harvesting crops which farmers have grown. Farmers are growing these extra crops, particularly potatoes, not because they choose but because the nation must have the food. Harvest volunteers are serving a national need and not merely helping farmers.

Help of the Schools

A SPECIAL whip-round of schools will be needed to keep up the strength of the harvest camps in the Summer holidays. A schoolmaster friend of mine tells me that his boys

are not too anxious to enrol this time. A good many of them think that their parents will be taking a Summer holiday and they are unwilling to commit themselves. A school camp properly organised can give most valuable help to farmers, as many of us have learnt in the past four years. I think the boys have enjoyed themselves and so have the girls. They have earned some useful pocket-money too. It is of course just possible that we may be able to get some help from the Forces. Last harvest time coming soon after D-day there were no men to spare. By this harvest the war in Europe should be over and it may be that some men will be available before they are demobilised or before they set out for Japan. We cannot count on this help and the possibility that some soldiers, airmen and sailors will be available must not interfere with plans by which we can obtain help from the largest possible number of volunteers from civilian life.

Price Increases

THE revision of prices following the rise in the men's minimum wage has been taken very quietly by farmers. I have heard few comments favourable or unfavourable. This I interpret as meaning that most of us are satisfied that the Government have taken the right line. On this occasion there were the fullest consultations with the National Farmers' Union and the leaders of the industry have a say in the dispensation of the extra money required to meet the extra wage bill. Judging by the Minister of Food's speeches he is chiefly concerned about the supplies of meat and dairy products. The world is short of these things partly because production has gone down in Australia and New Zealand as well as in the United States and partly because several million men leading a very active life in uniform consume much more meat than they did in civilian life. Farmers here can best meet the nation's needs and suit their own pockets by expanding production of milk, meat of all kinds including pig meat, and eggs. It is for these products that the Government have allowed price increases to compensate for higher wage bills that the farmers will have to pay.

Wheat Down

WHEAT is not wanted so much as it was two or three years ago and the wheat price for 1946 goes down instead of up. There is a rise for the present year's crops of potatoes and sugar-beet because farmers have to grow them willy nilly and such crops take a good deal of labour, but the Government statement has made it clear that as soon as there is less need for the largest possible tonnage of potatoes and sugar-beet, these prices will come down too. All the emphasis in the future is on livestock products. Personally I am glad to see that the humble egg has crept into the picture. If we can grow and keep on our farms some grain for poultry, it will put everyone's interest to get egg production established again as a major part of British farming. Is it too much to hope that after this year's harvest the farmer who has grown wheat will be allowed to keep 25 per cent. of his crop for feeding to poultry, provided of course that he sends his eggs through a packing-station so that they go on to the ordinary consumer's ration, available to all in due proportion, and do not get side-tracked to his friends and relations?

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE RELEASE OF PROPERTY

OWNERS or tenants of town and country houses that have been requisitioned for a variety of purposes still await the release of the properties. By "release" they mean not merely that the premises shall be vacated and reinstated by the authority that took them over, but that the free and unfettered right of occupation and control should be restored to those who parted, temporarily as they thought, with possession. The position for many of these owners and tenants is inconvenient and involves them in a ruinous expense.

COST OF REQUISITIONING

OF 1,700 houses out of approximately 13,000 various types of properties under requisition by the Board of Admiralty have been released. It is understood that that Department contemplates retaining most of the 26,000 acres which it has requisitioned, and it would not be reasonable to expect relinquishment at an estimate of the portions on which about £28,000,000 have been spent in works. The position as regards houses is different, and in time many more will be surrendered. There is a fundamental difference between houses and land requisition. Where works have been carried out it is generally unlikely that the land would be of much use for its original purpose until the works shall have been removed. To remove them is not only costly but it is wasteful, for there can be no doubt that henceforth the Navy will need most of what has been constructed since 1939. But with regard to houses the more completely all traces of official use can be obliterated the better the owner or tenant will like it. His only anxiety is as to whether the allowance for reinstatement will be adequate.

COLOSSAL AGGREGATES

THE figures relating to requisitioning are impressive, the Government having expended £883,000,000 in works on 922,650 acres, and directions have been given to Departments to consider what land can be immediately released and especially to effect reinstatement wherever possible instead of purchasing. Some of the airfields comprised in the 253,000 acres requisitioned by the Air Ministry have just been released.

Dealing with offices in London it can be stated that 5,000,000 square feet of office space already belong to the Government, but that 10,000,000 square feet additional are occupied, and that an extra space amounting to 6,000,000 square feet has been requisitioned for sundry uses. The gradual release of so vast an extent of office space cannot fail to have a strong reaction on the rentals of properties in private use, and many of the requisitioned premises are not primarily offices but were built as flats. Their reinstatement as flats or private offices will entail an enormous outlay. Most of the firms that left London, owing to enemy action or the expectation of it, are now desirous of returning to the City, but the day of reconstruction in "the Square Mile" is still far off. Consequently some concerns that would have reopened in the middle are considering the practicability of acquiring freeholds or long leases in West-end streets and squares. The majority of firms doing a moderate or even a large business prefer premises of a type which they can afford to occupy exclusively.

PENDING AUCTIONS

ONE of the largest landed estates, Norman Court, on the Hampshire and Wiltshire border, between

Winchester and Salisbury, is about to be reduced in area, by the offer of 5,250 acres of the outlying parts of it. There are 50 farms and small holdings, 1,000 acres of woodland, 135 cottages, most of the village freeholds in West Dean and West Tytherley, and some residential properties. In all probability not fewer than 200 lots will be dealt with in the auction, which is provisionally arranged to be held in Salisbury by Messrs. Woolley and Wallis. An instructive footnote to recent remarks about the present position as regards the circulation of particulars of sale is supplied by the mention of a charge of ten shillings for details of the estate, and also by the intimation that "no correspondence will be entered into" about the proposed sale until after the issue of the particulars.

Commander Lord Beatty, R.N., has ordered Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Escritt and Barrell to sell Brooksby Hall and 184 acres, on April 11, in Leicester. The freehold is in the heart of the Quorn country, six miles from Melton Mowbray, and the five lots are mostly with immediate possession. The Hall is adaptable as a school or hotel. The farm is of 106 acres, and there is another holding of 20 acres.

Squadron Leader A. G. A. Fisher, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is selling five small farms, two miles from York on the Helmsley road, very rich land with houses and buildings.

Cotswold houses, with up to 15 acres, are shortly for sale by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. Young and Gilling.

Canterbury and the Cotswolds are among the districts in which Messrs. Hampton and Sons are offering residential properties at fixed prices, pending possible sale by auction.

At from £4,500 to £10,000 a number of Surrey, Sussex and Essex houses, in ample grounds, await offers through Mr. Frank D. James (Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices).

A TEMPORARY LULL

IN a normal pre-war year a slight slackening of business in the week or two preceding the Budget was generally expected, but there is no very evident reason for such a lull on account of the probabilities of the coming fiscal event. The cause of the slackening must be looked for elsewhere, and a score of causes could be suggested. For one thing, most people who have got a house in London or the country are only too glad to stay in it, and do not care to face the abnormal cost and bother of moving. Another thing is that, supposing they did think of moving, they require ready means of travel to inspect property, and these are not to be had. Meanwhile prices of any really desirable house tend to higher levels, though they may perhaps decline a little so soon as more houses are released from requisitioning. Urban investments continue to be eagerly bought, to pay a very small net return, and the few farms that have been offered have met with brisk bidding. In the coastal areas, especially those that suffered severely from enemy action, owners have set themselves resolutely against parting with property, and they are well advised in that resolve.

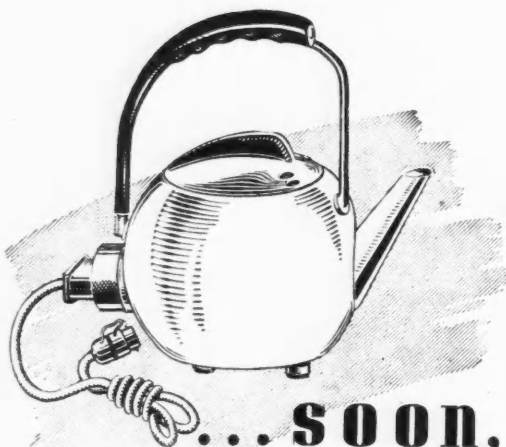
Lord Bradford's ground rents and other Walsall freeholds have realised £230,320 in the first three auctions of a series. **ARBITER.**



Drawn by William Dring, A.R.A.

EDWIN MAIDEN is a fine example of the war-disabled man who has already fitted himself back into industry. Before the war he was a bricklayer employed in maintenance work and building air-raid shelters at a large non-ferrous metal factory. As a Territorial soldier he was called up for service with the 8th Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment in September, 1939, and went to France in January, 1940. During this period he was middle and light-weight boxing champion of his infantry brigade and light-weight finalist of his division. In May, 1940, his platoon were holding a cement factory near Tournai in Belgium when a German mortar shell came through the roof and exploded. Severely wounded in both hands and right foot, Mr. Maiden lay for six days by the roadside before being taken to hospital. After many months in a Dutch Red Cross hospital in Holland and a convalescent camp for prisoners of war in the Ruhr, he was passed fit but without the two middle fingers of his left hand, the second finger of his right, and a part of his right foot. The three years 1940—1943 he spent in prison camps in France, Poland and Germany, where in spite of his disabilities he organised a boxing school. He was finally repatriated in October, 1943, after three years and ten months in captivity, and at once returned to bricklaying. Due to his disability he made the return with some misgiving, but his doubts were gradually overcome and his physical shortcomings fought and defeated. His spirit and courage eventually won, and already he can lay bricks as well as the next man. Day by day he is advancing from straightforward bricklaying to more difficult work such as furnace building and repairing, which though it may test him severely, will be achieved by his unfailing cheerfulness and determination. As Mr. Maiden is only 28, he should have a long and useful life before him.





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NEW BOOKS

WITH GEORGE III AT WEYMOUTH

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. ERIC GILLETT appears to make a hobby of collecting ladies of no great personal importance but of deep social interest. Not so long ago, he gave us *Miss Jewsbury of Manchester*, and now he has come upon *Miss Elizabeth Ham of Dorset*. Miss Ham is a great find. She lived at a time already rich in letters, memoirs, and personal jottings of all sorts; yet this autobiography which Mr. Gillett has uncovered has no sense of the superfluous. If it adds nothing to our knowledge of the years that

given a most lively picture of the little town, with the Navy in the air, packed out for "the season," with ever more and more visitors descending and demanding rooms where no rooms are to be had; of the King's formal (and at times most informal) occasions; and of the general sense of nervousness about Napoleon across the Channel. The King, who chose his own companions when he felt like it, often descended upon the Ham family, "and I must not forget to mention that the King, who always spoke very loud, was once heard to say on the

ELIZABETH HAM, BY HERSELF. (Faber, 10s. 6d.)

GULLIBLE TRAVELS. By *Richard Busvine* (Constable, 10s.)

THE CYPRESS ROAD. By *Major Michael Home* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.)

overlapped the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it enlivens and illuminates the knowledge we have. That is a tribute to Elizabeth: she is all-alive-o.

Mr. Gillett has confined himself to a brief introduction and to some editing. For the rest, this is Elizabeth's story in Elizabeth's words, and it is rightly entitled *Elizabeth Ham, by Herself* (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

PUBLISHER'S PROFITS

Elizabeth was 67 years old when she began to write her autobiography. She was already the author of a three-volume novel, which, no doubt, made her no money, and of a grammar for infants which would have made her a lot had it not, as so often happened in those days, fallen into the hands of a publisher whose last thought was that the author was entitled to a share of the profits. "Had I all the money it has been sold for," Elizabeth writes sadly, "I should now have a very pretty fortune."

Elizabeth's life, as she reveals it here, falls mainly into three parts: England and the Navy; Ireland and the Army; and the hard facts of a middle-aged woman seeking a means of livelihood. In what seems to have been the almost inevitable fashion of the time, she ends up (so far as this book goes, for we have not the end of her story) as a governess in the family of a Mr. Elton, who was a poet with a "fine Shakespearean forehead, rather bald, but still nothing to speak of," an "elegant classical scholar," and the father of nine children of "beauty and elegance."

Elizabeth had had her affairs of the heart, but they are over and done with now, and we leave her, in the serenity of middle age, devoting her spare time to the writing of a poem which Mr. Elton comes to read and criticise each day after tea. He sat "so long as to bring Mrs. E. down to see what was become of him." One imagines the "Shakespearean forehead, rather bald," corrugating into a frown under the impact of a curtain-lecture.

Elizabeth belonged to a family of petty traders, and much of her childhood was spent at Weymouth, then the scene of the holiday revels of George III and his family. We are

Esplanade that "Mrs. Ham was decidedly the finest woman in Weymouth."

The royal interest could be embarrassing. "The King admired some sheep of my uncle's and commissioned him to procure a flock of the same sort for his Farm at Windsor. This was accordingly done through a cousin who resided in Somersetshire, who sent his own Shepherds with the flock to Windsor. Neither the sheep nor the expenses attending them were ever paid for."

Elizabeth records an occasion when there was a rumour that the French were coming, and all the King's horses were harnessed ready to dash away with him and his numerous *entourage*. However, that came to nothing, and, generally speaking, life was gay. There was always the Navy. "Oh, these Naval Balls, they were so enjoyable! The measured sweep of the eighteen-oared barge. A coach and six is nothing to it! Then being hoisted on Deck enveloped in flags taken from the Enemy. Their capture aided, perhaps, by the two young Heroes who always stand ready to unmuffle and hand you out of the Chair!"

GRIM PROCESSION

But the scene changed. Elizabeth says of her father: "Poor Man. He was always sanguine, and always going to make his fortune"; and now, in quest of elusive fortune, the family finds itself in Ireland, and in the house they take there has to be much scrubbing and cleaning. "An old saucy pan cover was displaced that had been nailed over a rat-hole; and yet Lady Amelia Knox had been our immediate predecessor."

Altogether, one gathers, Elizabeth disliked the change. Grim things could happen, like the procession of the men condemned to be hanged. "We were aware of a common Car surrounded by Hurdles, with four Coffins, on which were seated four men, with faces as white as the flannel grave-clothes they had on. But what made the scene most revolting was the Hangman seated in the midst of them, in a hideous Mask and most grotesque cocked-hat, playing all sorts

of pantomime tricks to amuse the Mob."

But, as in England there had been the Navy, so here was the Army, and there were balls to while away the tedium of life. One of the young officers Elizabeth met here was Captain Napier, later to be the famous historian of the Peninsular War. He exclaimed "I honour you from my heart!" when he learnt that Elizabeth, unlike most Boney-haunted people of the time, admired Napoleon.

The fortunes of the Ham family went from bad to worse, and at last Elizabeth, regretting her misspent years—"we were none of us breathing a very moral atmosphere. Amusement was everything, advance or improvement, nil"—found herself back in England on the grey road to a governor's fate.

It is possible, as Mr. Gillett says, that the end of Elizabeth's story may some day be discovered. For myself, I wish her an agreeable and wealthy husband. If one could, without too serious a crime, get rid of Mrs. Elton, Mr. Elton would do very well. Elizabeth had never been taught to earn her living, yet at the pinch she set about it with such spirit that I would gladly see the disagreeable task taken out of her hands. Yes, Mr. Elton would do. After all, his bald patch was nothing to speak of, and so the very fact of her speaking of it hints at a little something.

GOING TO THE WAR

Yet another reporter, giving us yet another book about his adventures in the same old war! This time it is Mr. Richard Busvine, and his book is *Gullible Travels* (Constable, 10s.). We may gather from the title that Mr. Busvine is the last man to take himself too seriously, and this is because he began the game as a perfect amateur.

When the war broke out, Mr. Busvine was running a Hanover Square dress establishment, and fearing that the war would not be too kind to a business of that sort, he impulsively cabled to an American journalist whom he knew offering his services as European correspondent. His friend as impulsively accepted the offer, and thus began Mr. Busvine's "gullible travels."

Before they ended, they were to take him to the Russo-Finnish war, to hot spots in the Mediterranean, to Africa, Persia, Palestine, America, India, Burma, and what not: all the far-flung and unpredictable itinerary, in fact, that awaited the correspondents of this war.

We have, scores of times, been over this ground before, but on the whole, we are glad to go over it again with this author, for he has personality, gusto, and enlivens the journey by the assumption of a rather "Simple Simon" attitude which, in fact, was by no means his real one. We say "on the whole" because at times the author is inclined to a flippancy and facetiousness that we could well have been spared, especially in all that he has to say about the young woman called "the Screwball" from whom he is divorced half way through the book. Perhaps it is no more than a personal idiosyncrasy, but we would gladly have declined the invitation to meet "the Screwball."

DRINKING WITH THE ENEMY

The author has a quick eye for the small surprising incident. There is, for example, of the days before Luxembourg was invaded, when the Luxembourg guards stood sentry

at one end of a bridge and the Germans at the other, and in the chill dawn the Luxembourg guards took "morning cups of hot chocolate to the centre of the bridge where they handed them ceremoniously to their German counterparts and all stood around drinking amicably and stamping their feet to keep the circulation going."

If there is nothing new in the broad outline, there are many such small pieces of observation as this, and they all build up into a book well worth reading. I had never heard before of the incident for which Mr. Busvine vouches: that when the *Ark Royal* came in for her first dive-bombing, the Admiral, through loud-speakers, relayed this signal: "Pro bono publico, no bloody panico." Mr. Busvine says: "It had the desired effect."

SECRET SERVICE IN ITALY

Major Michael Home's novel *The Cypress Road* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) is a "secret service" thriller in the Buchanan mode about an Intelligence Officer in Italy who undertook a mission into the German lines, hoping to come face to face with a German brute who had done his son to death.

Anyone who has read the author's novels of Intelligence work in the North African campaign will know that Major Home seems to have the first-hand experience which imparts even to the most remarkable adventures an air of authenticity. That does not fail him here, and as Major Chevanne, disguised as an Italian peasant, makes his strenuous way through the mountains, meeting the patriot agents, and finally penetrates to the heart of the German web, our minds are kept all the time both in a pleasant state of assurance that such an expert can't go wrong, and in a constant *frisson* at the risks into which he sticks his neck. It all ends pleasantly with the landing at Anzio and with a lovely bride in view as compensation for the major's travails.

MAJOR YEATS BROWN, whose recent death robs India of a true and understanding friend, has done that country a great service in his last book *Martial India* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.). His intimate knowledge of the people, and especially of the fighting forces, made him an ideal observer; and he tells his story of visits to all the fronts where Indians are engaged, with his own inimitable sense of the background of the Indian sailor, soldier and airman, that puts India's grand contribution to the making of recent history as no one else could have told it. The book is well produced and the photographs are excellent.

There is one chapter that might well have been omitted—the one on Women and Welfare, which quotes letters from two British women. They have little in literary style or in content to give them a place in a book recording great deeds and painting a picture on a large canvas.

The story of the revival of India's Royal Navy, the birth of her (now Royal) Air Force, with gallant deeds of all ranks and races of this great section of the British Commonwealth, puts beyond dispute the fact that the large majority of the 400 millions who own allegiance to the King Emperor have little in common with the few rebels. One hopes that this story of two million volunteers will secure for India a juster appreciation of the work of her sane and loyal men and women, as against the publicity secured by those whose nuisance value has hitherto given them a press in the Western world far beyond their deserts. A. M. P.

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SPRING COATS



● Felt in mushroom brown saddle-stitched in black with a becoming dip to the brim. Erik

THE tailored coats of this Spring are simple, fitted to the waistline, with a hem-line that flares slightly. They button high on the chest with fancy buttons—cones of glass, chunks of gold metal, leather discs or a plastic that looks like any of them—and have deep important-looking pockets. They are smartest in black face-cloth, navy serge, in bird's-eye worsteds or smooth herring-bone Saxony tweeds in two tones of the same shade. Sometimes the black coats are lined in scarlet or plaid or have tasselled or fringed pockets. Neat navy serges with high double-fronted fastening and deep inverted pleats in the centre of the back are cut with epaulette seams converging on the waist and nicked on the chest to give the illusion of a yoke.

Some attractive new hats are being shown for these plain coats for Easter. Black muffin-shaped crochet straws rest on the brow and tie on with spot veiling under the chin. A pink rose makes a topknot. The shape is becoming and is also made in grey and mushroom brown felt. Strassner show some of these muffins in tulle made on a wire frame, Edwardian fashion, also large straw bonnets with plaid bows massed in front of high crowns. A very easy-to-wear mushroom straw in primrose colour with a deep ruche of black spotted net is a charming hat for Summer frocks or one of the neat black tailored coats. There is a white pillbox at Marshall and Snelgrove's with pads of white feathers over the ears and more giving extra height, a clic Easter hat for a dark tailor-made; so is a mushroom of fine black tagel straw a-flutter on top with bows of cherry grosgrain ribbon. Debenham and Freebody have a hat made from a single

● (Above) Left: Checked worsted in tones of mushroom brown with epaulette seams continuing down to cut-away pockets. Rensor from Peter Robinson. Brown felt hat with flower-pot crown swathed in beige crepe. From Scotts. Right: Coat fitted closely to the waistline in bird's-eye suiting in dark grey and black. Double flaps on the pockets and two buttons on the waistline. Rensor from Gorrings

PHOTOGRAPHS:
DERMOT CONOLLY

● (Right) The Spring coat banded with brown is in a herring-bone tweed in chestnut tones of brown, beltless, with a deep pleat in the back. Harella from Swan and Edgar





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large pink velvet rose with an eye veil of stiffened black net, and dear little berets made from feather pads in tones of brown, fawn and nasturtium yellows and reds. Straw Breton sailors are for those who like a suit hat with a brim.

Felts with dipping brims and highish peaked crowns are best for the tailored coats in worsteds and Saxonomies. Erik makes one in gay colours—pansy blue, emerald, coral—with a crown in layers like a Chelsea bun. Miss Lucy folds her tall crowns and rolls the brims, with quills and feathers at the side to give width. Her charming berets tilt forward and are decorated with tiny massed feathers. Mushroom-brimmed garden hats are worn on the back of the head, and are really romantic hats.

THE more casual type of coat in smooth pastel-coloured cloth is fuller altogether with gathers or unpressed pleats in the skirt, and deep armholes. Shades of lemon, canary, honey-beige and chamois look fresh and new and very smart over black, navy, grey or white. The sweet-pea pinks and pale blues also shown for these overcoats are charming for Summer. More dramatic effects are obtained by combining two shades of beige, with the dark for a panel streaming down the front and wristbands on full sleeves. Three-quarter-length coats in lemon and oyster have deep unpressed pleats in the back and a tiny belt holding them down. The coat juts out at knee-level, with vertical pockets and double-breasted buttoning in front. Hip-length jackets in off-white fleecy cloth without collars and cut with a vent in the back and a swing effect are slimming and work in with any colour scheme; box jackets in beige whipcord and Bedford cord have two flapped pockets, set one above the other on one side and a turndown collar. A

(Left to Right) Sandal in baby calf with pinked edges; white gauged suede sandal with sole projecting as a rim; court in coloured kid with watch-strap buckle at side; black suede wedge tying round the ankle and a light court stitched to follow the lines of the foot, cut away on the outside. Brevitts designed for export

very few clipped woollen jackets are being made in brown, frosted with white and light beige. They are warm, light as thistledown and windproof. But you are lucky to get one, as the cloth is rare. The Dereta three-quarter-length swagger coats with their full swing backs are practical in thick camel-coloured cloth and easy on the hipline.

Although monotone fabrics and neat neutral suitings predominate, there are some more dramatic coats, notably a striped tweed at Simpson's setting the figure with gores, plain and beltless. The tweed is striped horizontally in pastel colourings on a drab-coloured ground. Rima are making up their shaded striped woollen, in tones of mushroom brown and slate blue, for coats in two styles, one with such big dolman sleeves that it looks like a cape and a more tailored type with darted fullness belted in at the waist. The broad deep bars at the hem and the narrow on the shoulders are exceedingly smart.

Narrow bands are also used to emphasise the front fastening and revers, or side seams of coats. These are in the form of plain bands on a herring-bone tweed, or as narrow check bands of worsted on a dark barathea coat. Sometimes the bands are in a bright colour such as emerald or canary on a dark. They are discreetly used but dramatic against the plain tailored lines of the coats.

Dust coats in fine covert gabardines with raglan sleeves and gathers and gores to give fullness in front are being shown by more than one great wholesale house. They will be in the shops during the Summer and mark a complete change in line. The general tendency is for coats to have wider hemlines and tiny waistlines, with curved yokes on the shoulders almost boat-shaped.

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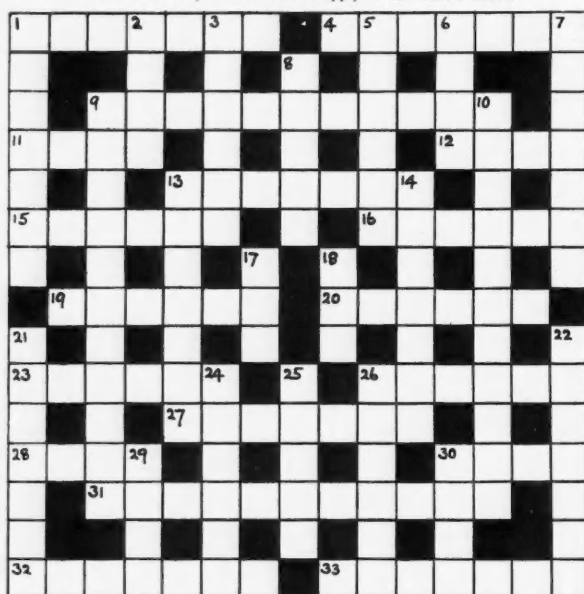
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CROSSWORD No. 792

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 792, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, April 5, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 791. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 23, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 9, That is the end of the news; 8, Truism; 12, Axis; 13, A tea kettle; 15, Ogres; 16, Beaten up; 17, Car; 18, Gardener; 20, Refer; 23, Night bells; 24, Torn; 26, Retreat; 27, Give in; 28, Latitudinarian. DOWN.—2, Harrier; 3, Thin; 4, Samite; 5, Hot water; 6, Elementary; 7, Foster-parent; 10, Eaten; 11, Major-general; 14, Assent; 16, Bar; 17, Cemented; 19, Right; 21, Florida; 22, Slogan; 25, Over.

ACROSS.

1. Blast in the under-world (7)
4. "Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the —, great and small,
That wheel between the poles."
—Tennyson (7)
9. Cause of a crush at the bookstall, perhaps (6, 5)
11. Public conveyance driven by the conductor (4)
12. In the middle of a pyramidion (4)
13. Pig (7)
15. Caressing it, we are told, brings a stinging response (6)
16. Feeling in riotous or rowdy conditions (6)
19. "The — were a paradise,
If thou wert there." —Robert Burns (6)
20. Post-mediaeval (6)
23. Hoped for sequel to "account rendered" (6)
26. Prodigal (6)
27. Train-bearer (7)
28. Place to lie—for a liar (4)
30. Support (4)
31. Where a drunken sailor may get into a lock (6, 5)

DOWN.

1. Reserved (7)
2. Possible epithet for the Gloomy Dean (4)
3. Sin and ale appropriately go together (5)
5. Nests of the "high-ups" (6)
6. Place famous for its architectural inclination (4)
7. Time when Excelsior appeared in an Alpine village (7)
8. A hit or twenty (5)
9. Associates' home on the rolling deep? (11)
10. Headmaster's striking reply to a saucy schoolboy? (5, 6)
13. It is found both above and below 27 across (7)
14. Dick Turpin's happy hunting-ground (4)
17. Consumed from a plate (3)
18. Unnumbered lamp (3)
21. "Why, so this — will command the sun."
The Taming of the Shrew (7)
22. Dancer on an excursion (7)
24. Though it is not quite a full-stop, — may have its point, as every housewife knows (6)
25. Flies (5)
26. Place to speed the parting guest (3, 3)
29. Am down or up in reverse (4)
30. It pushed out the bassinet (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 792 is
Flying Officer E. A. Hall,
Downham Market,
Norfolk.